

P^o E M S

ON SEVERAL
OCCASIONS

By the

Right Honourable,

. T H E

E of R—



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EMERSON

THURSDAY

ST. LOUIS

SEPTEMBER 1857

TO THE

LIBRARY

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OF

*An Epistolary Essay from M. G. to O. B. upon
their Mutual Poems.*

Dear Friend,

I Hear this *Town* does so abound
With sawcy *Censurers*, that faults are found
Which what of late we (in *Poetique* rage)
Bestowing, threw away on the dull Age;
But (howsoe're *Envy*, their spleens may raise,
To Rob my *Brows* of the deserved *Bays*)
Their thanks at least I merit, since through me;
They are partakers of your *Poetry*:
And this is all I'll say in my defence,
T' obtain one Line of your well-worded sense,
I'd be content t' have writ the *Brittish Prince*.
I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd;
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a *Rule* I have (upon long tryal)
T' avoid with care all sort of self denial.
Which way so'ere desire, and fancy lead,
(Contemning *Fame*) that *Path* I boldly tread;
And if exposing what I take for wit,
To my dear self a pleasure I beget,
No matter tho the cens'ring *Criticks* fret.
These whom my *Muse* displeases, are at strife,
With equal spleen against my course of life,
The least delight of which, I'll not forgo,
For all the flatt'ring praise, *Man* can bestow.

If I design'd to please , the way were then ,
 To mend my Manners , rather than my *Pen* :
 The first's unnatural , therefore unfit ,
 And for the second , I despair of it ,
 Since Grace is not so hard to get as Wit.
 Perhaps ill *Verses* , ought to be confin'd
 In meer good breeding like unfav'ry Wind :
 Were reading forc'd , I shou'd be apt to think ;
 Men might no more write scurvily than stink :
 But 'tis your choice , whether you'll read , or no,
 If likewise of your smelling it were so.
 I'd Fart just as I write for my own ease ,
 Nor shou'd you be concern'd unless you please ,
 I'll own , that you write better than I do ,
 But I have as much need to write as you.
 What tho the Excrements of my dull *Brain* ,
 Flows in a harsh insipid strain ;
 Whilst your rich head , eases it self of Wit.
 Must none but *Civill Cats* have leave to shit ?
 In all I write, shou'd Sense, and Wit, and Rhyme,
 Fail me at once , yet something so sublime ,
 Shall stamp my *Poem* , that the *World* may see ,
 It cou'd have been produc'd by none but me ;
 And that's my end , for *Man* can wish no more ,
 Than so to write , as none e're writ before.
 Yet why am I no *Poet* of the times ?
 I have *Allusions* , *Similies* , and *Rhymes* ,
 And *Wit* , or else 'tis hard that I alone ,
 Of the whole Race of *Mankind* shou'd have none.
 Unequally the partial hand of *Heav'n* ,
 Has all but this one only blessing giv'n.

The *World* appears like a great Family,
 Whose *Lord* oppress'd with *Pride* and *Poverty*.
 (That to a few great bounty he may show)
 Is fain to starve the num'rous Train below.
 Just so seems *Providence*, as poor, and vain,
 Keeping more Creatures than it can maintain.
 Here 'tis profuse, and there it mainly saves,
 And for one *Prince*, it makes ten thousand
Slaves.

In Wit, alone't has been Magnificent,
 Of which so just a share to each is sent,
 That the most Avaricious are content.
 For none e're thought (the due divisions such)
 His own too little, or his *Friends* too much.
 Yet most *Men* shew, or find great want of Wit
 Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.
 But I, who am of sprightly vigour full,
 Look on *Mankind*, as envious and dull,
 Born to my self, my self I like alone,
 And must conclude my judgment good, or none.
 For cou'd my sense be naught, how shou'd I know,
 Whether another *Mans* were good or no?
 Thus I resolve of my own *Poetry*,
 That 'tis the best, and there's a Fame for me.
 If then I'm happy, what does it advance,
 Whither to merit due, or Arrogance?
 Oh! but the *World* will take offence hereby,
 Why then the *World* shall suffer for't, not I.
 Did e're the sawcy *World*, and I agree
 To let it have its beastly will on me?
 Why shou'd my prostituted sense be drawn,
 To ev'ry Rule their musty Customes spawn?

But *Men*, will censure you, 'tis two to one,
 When e're they censure, they'll be in the wrong.
 There's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,
 So foolish, and so false, as common Fame.
 It calls the *Courtier Knave*, the plain *Man* rude,
 Haughty the grave, and the delightful lew'd.
 Impertinent the brisk, Morose the sad,
 Mean the familiar, the reserv'd one mad.
 Poor helpless *Woman*, is not favour'd more,
 She's a sly *Hypocrite*, or publick *Whore*.
 Then who the Devil, wou'd give this---to be free
 From th' innocent reproach of infamy.
 These things consider'd, make me (in despite
 Of idle Rumour) keep at home and write.

S A T T R.

VERE I (who to my cost already am
 One of those strange prodigious Crea-
 tures *Man*.)

A Spirit free, to choose for my own share,
 What case of Flesh, and Blood, I pleas'd to wear,
 I'd be a *Dog*, a *Monkey*, or a *Bear*.
 Or any thing but that vain *Animal*,
 Who is so proud of being rational.
 The senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
 A sixth, to contradict the other Five;
 And before certain instinct, will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err.

Reason,

Reason, an *Ignis fatuus*, in the *Mind*,
 Which leaving light of *Nature*, sense behind ;
 Pathless and dan'grous wandring ways it takes,
 Through errors, *Fenny-Boggs*, and *Thorny Brakes*;
 Whilst the misguided follower, climbs with pain,
Mountains of whimsys, heap'd in his own *Brain* :
 Stumbling from thought to thought, falls head-
 long down,

Into doubts boundless *Sea*, where like to drown.
 Books bear him up a while, and makes him try,
 To swim with *Bladders* of *Philosophy* ;
 In hopes still t'oretake th'escaping light,
 The *Vapour* dances in his dazling sight,
 Till spent, it leaves him to eternal *Night*.
 Then *Old Age*, and experience, hand in hand,
 Lead him to death, and make him understand,
 After a search so painful, and so long,
 That all his *Life* he has been in the wrong ;
 Hudled in dirt, the reas'ning *Engine* lyes,
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise,
Pride drew him in, as *Cheats*, their *Bubbles*, catch,
 And makes him venture, to be made a *Wretch*.
 His wisdom did his happiness destroy,
 Aiming to know what *World* he shou'd enjoy ;
 And *Wit*, was his vain frivolous pretence,
 Of pleasing others, at his own expence.
 For *Wits* are treated just like common *Whores*,
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kickt out of *Doors*,
 The pleasure past, a threatning doubt remains,
 That frights th'enjoyer, with succeeding pains :
Women and *Men* of *Wit*, are dang'rous *Tools*,
 And ever fatal to admiring *Fools*.

Pleasure allures, and when the *Fopps* escape,
 'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate,
 And therefore what thy fear, at least they hate.

But now methinks some formal Band, and Beard,
 Takes me to task, come on Sir, I'm prepar'd.

*Then by your favour, any thing that's writ
 Against this gibeing jingling knack call'd Wit,
 Likes me abundantly, but you take care,
 Upon this point, not to be too severe.*

*Perhaps my Muse, were fitter for this part,
 For I profess, I can by very smart*

On Wit, which I abhor with all my heart :

I long to lash it in some sharp Essay,

But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,

And turns my Tide of Ink another way.

What rage ferments in your degen'rate mind,

To make you rail at Reason, and Mankind?

Bless glorious Man ! to whom alone kind Heav'n,

An everlasting Soul has freely giv'n ;

Whom his great Maker took such care to make,

That from himself he did the Image take ;

And this fair frame, in shining Reason drest,

To dignise his Nature, above Beast.

Reason, by whose aspiring influence,

We take a flight beyond material sense.

Dive into Mysteries, then soaring pierce,

The flaming limits of the Universe.

Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,

And give the World true grounds of hope and fear.

Hold mighty Man, I cry, all this we know,

From the Pathetique Pen of Ingello ;

From *P-----Pilgrim*, *S-----replies*,
And 'tis this very reason I despise.

ce.
rd, This supernatural gift, that makes a *Myte-*,
Think he is the Image of the Infinite :

Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
To the *Eternal*, and the ever blest.

This busie, puzzling, stirring up of doubt,
That frames deep *Mysteries*, then finds 'em out ;
Filling with Frantick Crowds of thinking *Fools*,
Those Reverend *Bedlams*, *Colledges*, and *Schools*
Borne on whose Wings, each heavy *Sot* can pierce,
The limits of the boundless Universe.

So charming Oyntments, make an Old *Witch* flie,
And bear a Crippled Carcass through the Skie.

'Tis this exalted pow'r, whose bus'ness lies,
In *Nonsense*, and impossibilities.

This made a Whimsical *Philosopher*,
Before the spacious *World*, his *Tub* prefer,
And we have modern *Cloysterd Coxcombs*, who
Retire to think, cause they have naught to do.
But thoughts, are giv'n for Actions government,
Where Action ceases, thoughts impertinent :

Our *Sphere* of Action, is lifes happiness,
And he who thinks Beyond, thinks like an *Ass*.

Thus, whilst 'gainst false reas'ning I inveigh,
I own right *Reason*, which I wou'd obey :

That *Reason* that distinguishes by sense,
And gives us *Rules*, of good, and ill from thence :
That bounds desires, with a reforming Will,
To keep 'em more in vigour, not to kill.

Your *Reason* hinders, mine helps t'enjoy,
Renewing Appetites, yours wou'd destroy.

My

My Reasons is my *Friend*, yours is a *Cheat*,
 Hungar call's out, my Reason bids me eat ;
 Perversly yours, your Appetite does mock,
 This ask for Food, that answers what's a Clock?
 This plain distinction Sir your doubt secures,
 'Tis not true Reason I despise but yours.
 This I think Reason righted, but for *Man*,
 I'll nere recant defend him if you can.
 For all his Pride, and his Philosophy,
 'Tis evident, *Beasts* are in their degree,
 As wise at least, and better far than he.
 Those *Creatures*, are the wisest who attain,
 By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
 If therefore *Fowler*, finds, and Kills his *Hares*,
 Better than *M-----*, supplies Committed Chairs ;
 Though one's a *Sates-man*, th'other but a *Hound*.
Fowler, in Justice, wou'd be wiser found.
 You see how far *Mans* wisdom here extends,
 Look next, if humane Nature makes amends ;
 Whose Principles, most gen'rous are, and just,
 And to whose *Morals*, you wou'd sooner trust.
 Be Judge your self, I'll bring it to the test,
 Which is the basest *Creature Man*, or *Beast* ?
Birds feed on *Birds*, *Beast* on each other prey,
 But Savage *Man* alone, does *Man* betray :
 Prest by necessity, they Kill for Food,
Man, undoes *Man*, to do himself no good.
 With Teeth, & Claws: by Nature arm'd thy hunt,
 Nature's allowance, to supply their want.
 But *Man*, with smiles, embraces Friendships praise.
 Unhumanely his Fellows life betrays ;

With

With voluntary pains , works his distress ,
 Not through necessity , but wantonness.
 For hunger , or for Love , they fight , or tear ,
 Whilst wretched *Man* , is still in Arms for fear ;
 For fear he Armes , and is of Armes afraid ,
 By fear , to fear , successively betray'd
 Base fear, the source whence his best passion came,
 His boasted Honour , and his dear bought Fame.
 That lust of Pow'r , to which he's such a *Slave* ,
 And for the which alone he dares be brave :
 To which his various Projects are design'd ,
 Which makes him gen'rous , affable , and kind.
 For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
 And screws his actions , in a forc'd disguise :
 Leading a tedious life in Misery ,
 Under laborious , mean *Hypocrisie*.
 Look to the bottom , of his vast design ,
 Wherein *Mans* VVisdom , Pow'r , and Glory joyn ;
 The good he acts , the ill he does endure ;
 'Tis all for fear , to make himself secure.
 Meerly for safety , after Fame we thirst ,
 For all Men , wou'd be *Cowards* if they durst.
 And honesty's against all common sense ,
Men must be *Knaves* , 'tis in their own defence.
Mankind s dishonest , if you think it fair ;
 Amongst known *Cheats* , to play upon the square,
 You'le be undone -----
 Nor can weak truth , your reputation save ,
 The *Knaves* , will all agree to call you *Knave*.
 VVrong'd shall he live , insulted o're , oppress.
 VVho dares be less a *Villain* , than the rest.

Thus

Thus Sir you see what humane Nature craves,
 Most Men are *Cowards*, all Men shou'd be *Knaves* :
 The difference lyes (as far as I can see)
 Not in the thing it self, but the degree ;
 And all the subject matter of debate,
 Is only who's a *Knave*, of the first *Rate* ?

All this with indignation have I hurl'd,
 At the pretending part of the proud World,
 Who swolne with selfish vanity, devise,
 False freedoms, holy Cheats, and formal Lyes
 Over their fellow *Slaves*, to tyrannize.

But if in *Court*, so just a Man there be,
 (In *Court*, a just Man, yet unknown to me.)
 Who does his needful flattery direct,
 Not to oppress, and ruine, but protect ;
 Since flattery which may so ever laid,
 Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade.
 If so upright a *States-Man*, you can find,
 Whose passions bend to his unbyas'd Mind ;
 Who does his Arts, and *Policies* apply,
 To raise his *Country*, not his *Family* ;
 Nor while his Pride, own'd Avarice withstands,
 Receives Aureal Bribes, from *Friends* corrupted
 hands.

Is there a *Church-Man* who on *God* relies ?
 Whose Life, his Faith, and Doctrine Justifies ?
 Not one blown up, with vain Prelatique Pride,
 Who for reproof of Sins, does *Man* deride :
 Whose envious heart with his obstrep'ous sawcy
 Eloquence,
 Dares chide at *Kings*, and raile at Men of sense.

Who

Who from his Pulpit , vents more peevish lies ,
 More bitter railings , scandals , Calumnies ,
 Than at a Gossipping , are thrown about ,
 When the good *Wives* get drunk, and then fall out.
 None of that sensual *Tribe* , whose Talents lye ,
 In Avarice , *Pride* , *Sloth* , and *Gluttony*.
 Who hunt good Livings , but abhor good Lives ,
 Whose lust exalted , to that height arrives ,
 They act Adultery with their own *Wives*.
 And e're a score of years compleated be ,
 Can from the lofty *Pulpit* proudly see ,
 Half a large *Parish* , their own *Progeny*.

Nor doating *B----* who wou'd be ador'd ,
 For domineering at the *Council Board* ;
 A greater *Fop* , in business at fourscore ,
 Fonder of serious *Toyes* , affected more ,
 Than the gay glitt'ring *Fool* , at twenty proves ,
 With all his noise, his tawdrey Cloaths, and loves.

But a meek humble Man , of modest sense ,
 Who Preaching peace , does practice continence ;
 Whose pious life's a proof he does believe ,
 Misterious truths , which no *Man* can conceive.
 If upon *Earth* there dwell such *God like Men* ,
 I'll here recant my *Paradox* to them.

Adore those *Shrines* of *Vertue* , *Homage* pay ,
 And with the *Rabble World* , their *Laws* obey.
 If such there are , yet grant me this at least ,
Man differs more from *Man*, than *Man* from *Beast*.

A Ramble in St. JAMES'S PARK.

Much Wine had past with grave discourse,
 Of who Fucks who, and who does worse;
 Such as you usually do hear,
 From them that dyet at the *Bear*;
 When I, who still take care to see,
 Drunkenness reliev'd by *Lechery*;
 Went out into *St. James's Park*,
 To cool my Head, and fire my Heart:
 But though *St. James* has the honor on't,
 'Tis consecrate to *Prick* and *Cunt*.
 There by a most incestuous *Birth*;
 Strange *Woods*, , spring from the teeming Earth
 For they relate how heretofore,
 VVhen Antient *Pict*, began to whore,
 Deluded of his Assignment,
 (Jilting it seems was then in fashion.)
 Poor pensive *Lover*, in this place,
 VVould Frigg upon his *Mother's Face*:
 VVhence Rows of *Mandrakes* tall did rise,
 VVhose lewd Tops Fuck'd the very Skies.
 Each imitative Branch does twine,
 In some lov'd fold of *Aretine*.
 And Nightly now beneath their shade,
 Are *Bugg'ries*, *Rapes*, and *Incests* made.
 Unto this All-sin-sheltring Grove,
Whores of the *Bulk*, and the *Alcove*.
 Great *Ladies Chamber-Maids*, *Drudges*;
 The *Rag-picker*; and *Heireffe* trudges;

Carr-

*Car-men, Divines, great Lords, and Taylors,
Prentices, Pimps, Poets and Gaolers ;
Foot-Men, fine Fops, do here arrive,
And here promisculouſly they ſtrive.*

Along theſe hollow'd Walks it was,
That I beheld *Corinna* paſs ;
Who ever had been by to ſee,
The proud diſdain ſhe caſt on me.
Though charming Eyes, he wou'd have ſwore,
She drapt from *Hea'vn* that very hour ;
Forſaking the Divine abode.
In ſcorn of ſome deſparing *God*.
But mark what Creatures *Women* are.
So infinitely vile, and fair.

Three *Knights*, o'th' Elbow, and the flurr,
VVith wrigling Tails, made up to her.

The firſt was of your *VVhitehall Blades*
Near kin to th' *Mother* of the *Maids*,
Grac'd by whoſe favour he was able,
To bring a *Friend* to th' *VVaiters Table*.

Where he had heard Sir *Edward S----*
Say how the *K----*lov'd *Banſted Mutton*.
Since when he'd ne'er be brought to eat,
By's good will any other Meat.

In this, as well as all the reſt,
He ventures to do like the beſt.

But wanting common Sence, th' ingredient,
In chooſing well, not leaſt expedient.

Converts Abortive imitation.

To Universal affectation ;

So he not only eats, and talks,

But feels, and ſmells, ſits down and walks.

Nay

Nay looks, and lives, and loves by Rôte,
In an old tawdrey *Birth-Day-Coat*.

The Second was a *Grays Inn Wit*,
A great Inhabiter of the *Pit* ;
Where *Critick-like*, he sits and squints,
Steals Pocket-Handkerchiefs, and hints,
From's *Neighbour*, and the *Comedy*,
To Court and pay his *Landlady*.

The Third a *Ladies Eldest Son*,
VVithin few years of Twenty One ;
Who hopes from his propitious Fate,
Against he comes to his Estate.
By these Two *Worthies* to be made
A most accomplisht tearing *Blade*.
One in a strain 'twixt Tune and *Nonsense*,
Cries, *Madam*, I have lov'd you long since,
Permit me your fair hand to kiss.
VVhen at her *Mouth* her C---says yes.

In short, without much more ado.
Joyful, and pleas'd, away she flew ;
And with these Three confounded *Asses*,
From *Park*, to *Hackney-Couch*, she passes.
So a proud *Bitch* does lead about,
Of Humble *Currs*, the Amorous rout :
VVho most obsequiously do hunt,
The fav'ry sence of Salt-swolne *Cunt*.
Some Pow'r more patient now relate ;
The sence of this surprizing Fate.
Gods ! that a thing admir'd by me,
Shon'd tast so much of Infamy.
Had she pickt out to rub her Arse on,
Some stiff-Prick'd *Clown*, or well hung *Parson*.

Each

Each job of whose Spermatick Sluce ,
 Had fill'd her *C--t* with wholsom Juice.
 I the proceeding shou'd have prais'd ,
 In hope she had quencht a Fire I rais'd :
 Such nat'ral freedoms are but just ,
 There's something gen'rous in meer Lust.
 But to turn damn'd abandon'd *Fade* ,
 When neither *Head* nor *Tail* perswade ;
 To be a *Whore* , in understanding ,
 A Passive *Pot* for *Fools* to *S---* in.
 The *Devil* plaid booty, sure with thee ,
 To bring a blot of infamy.
 But why was I of all *Mankind* ,
 To so severe a fate design'd ?
 Ungrateful ! why this Treachery
 To humble fond , believing me ?
 Who gave you Priviledges above ,
 The nice allowances of Love ?
 Did ever I refuse to bear ,
 The meanest part your Lust cou'd spare ?
 When your lew'd *C--t* , came spewing home ,
 Drencht with the Seed of half the *Town*.
 My Dram of Sperme , was supt up after ,
 For the digestive Surfeit Water.
 Full gorded at another time ,
 With a vast *Meal* of Nasty Slime ;
 Which your devouring *C--t* had drawn
 From *Porters Backs* , and *Foot-mens Brawn*.
 I was content to serve you up ,
 My *B-lock* full , for your *Grace Cup* ;
 Nor ever thought it an abuse ,
 While you had pleasure for excuse.

You that cou'd make my Heart away ,
 For Noise and Colours , and betray ,
 The Secrets of my tender hours ,
 To such *Knight Errant Paramours* ;
 When leaning on your Faithless Breast ,
 Wrapt in security , and rest.
 Soft kindness all my pow'rs did move ,
 And reason lay dissolv'd in Love.
 May stinking *Vapour* choak your *Womb* ,
 Such as the *Men* you doat upon ;
 May your deprav'd Appetite ,
 That cou'd in whiffing *Fools* delight ,
 Beget such *Frenzies* in your *Mind* ,
 You may go mad for the *North-wind*.
 And fixing all your hopes upon't ;
 To have him Bluster in your C--t.
 Turn up your longing Arse to th' Air ,
 And perish in a wild despair.
 But *Cowards* shall forget to Rant ,
School-boys to Frigg , old *Whores* to Paint :
 The *Jesuits Fraternity* ,
 Shall leave the use of *Buggery*.
Crab-Lowse , inspir'd with Grace Divine ,
 From Earthy *Cod* , to *Heav'n* shall climb ;
Physicians , shall believe in *Jesus* ,
 And disobedience cease to please us.
 E're I desist with all my Pow'r ,
 To plague this *Woman* and undo her.
 But my revenge will best be tim'd ,
 When she is *Marry'd* that is lynd ;
 In that most lamentable State ,
 I'll make her feel my scorn , and hate ;

Pelt her with Scandals , Truth , or Lies ,
And her poor *Curr* with jealousies.

Till I have torn him from her *Breech* ,
While she whines like a *Dog-drawn Bitch*.
Loath'd , and depriv'd , kickt out of *Town* ,
Into some dirty hole alone ,
To Chew the *Cud* of Misery ,
And know she owes it all to me.

*And may no Woman better thrive ,
Who dares profane the C--t I S---*

*A Letter fancy'd from Artemisa in the Town ,
to Cloe in the Country.*

C*loe* , by your command in Verse I write ,
Shortly you'l bid me ride astride and Fight ;
Such Talents better with our *Sex* agree ,
Than lofty flights of dang'rous *Poëtry* ,
Among the *Men* , I mean the *Men of Wit* ,
(At least they pass for such before they writ.)
How many bold advent'ers for the *Bays* ,
Proudly designing large returns of Praise.
Who durst that stormy Pathless *World* explore ,
Were soon dash't back , & wreckt on the dull shore ,
Broke off that little stock they had before.
How wou'd a *Womans* tott'ring *Barque* be tost ,
Where stoutest *Ships* , the *Men of Wit* are lost ?
When I reflect on this I straight grow wise ,
And my own self I gravely thus advise.

Dear *Artemisa* , *Poetry's* a Snare ,
Bedlam , has many *Mansions* ; have a care ,
 Your *Muse* diverts you , makes the *Reader* , sad
 You think your self inspir'd , he thinks you mad
 Thus like an Arrant *Woman* as I am ,
 No sooner well convinc'd writin'gs a shame ,
 That *Whore* , is scarce a more reproachful name
 Than *Poetesses* -----

Like *Men* that Marry , or like *Maids* that woe ,
 Because it is the worst thing they can do .
 Pleas'd with the contradiction , and the Sin ,
 Me thinks I stand on *Thornes* till I begin .

You expect to hear at least , what love has past
 In this lewd *Town* , since you ; and I saw last
 What change has happen'd of *Intrigues* , and whe-
 ther ,

The old ones last , and who , and who's together ?
 But how (my dearest *Cloe*) shou'd I set
 My *Pen* to write , what I wou'd fain forget ?
 Or name the lost thing *Love* , without a Tear ,
 Since so debauch'd by ill-bred *Customes* here ?
Love , the most generous passion of the Mind ,
 The softest refuge innocence can find ,
 The safe director of unguided *Youth* ,
 Fraught with kind wishes and secur'd by Truth ;
 That Cordial drop , *Heav'n* in our *Cup* has thrown ,
 To make the naus'ous draught of life go down ;
 On which one only blessing , *God* , might raise ,
 In *Lands* of *Atheists* , *Subsidies* of praise ;
 For none did , e're so dull , and stupid prove ,
 But felt a *God* , and blest his pow'r in love :

This only joy, for which poor we were made,
 Is grown like play, to be an Arrant *Trade* ;
 The *Rooks* creep in, and it has got of late,
 As many little *Cheats*, and tricks as that :
 But what yet more a *Womans* heart wou'd vex,
 'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own *Sex*.
 Oh silly *Sex* ! though born like *Monarchs* free,
 Turn *Gipsies*, for a meaner liberty,
 And hate restraint, though but from infamy.
 They call what ever is not common; nice,
 And deaf to *Natures Rule*, or *Loves* advice,
 Forsake the pleasure, to pursue the *Vice*.
 To an exact perfection they have brought,
 The action Love, the passion is forgot ;
 'Tis below *VVirt*, they say, if we admire,
 And ev'n with approving, they desire :
 Their private wish, obeys the publique voice ;
 'Twixt good, and bad, whimsy decides, not choice ;
 Fashion's grown up to taste, at formes they strike,
 They know what they wou'd have, not what they
 like.

Bovy's, a *Beauty*, if some few agree
 To call him so, the rest to that degree, Sir.
 Affected are, that with their Eares they see. R.

Where I was visiting the other *Night*, B.
 Comes a fine *Lady*, with her humble *Knight* ;
 Who had prevail'd with her, through her own skill,
 At his request, though much against his will
 To come to *London*-----

As the *Coach* stopt, I heard her voice more loud,
 Then a great *Bellied Womans*, in a *Crowd* ;

Telling

Telling the *Knight*, that her affairs require,
 He for some hours, obsequiously retire.
 I think she was asham'd he shou'd be seen,
 Hard fate of *Husband*, the *Gallant* had been,
 Thought a diseas'd, ill favour'd *Fool*, brought in
 Dispatch says she, the bus'ness you pretend,
 Your Beastly visit, to your drunken *Friends* ;
 A Bottle, ever makes you look so fine ;
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of *Wine* :
 Your *Country* drinking Breath's enough to Kill ;
 Sowre Ale, corrected with a *Lemmon Pill*.
 Prithee farewell, we'll meet again anon,
 The necessary thing, bows, and is gone.
 She flies up stairs, and hast does show,
 That silly *Antick Postures* will allow.
 And then burst out---And Madam am not I,
 The strangest alter'd Creature ! let me dye,
 I find my self rediculously grown,
 Embarrast, with my being out of Town.
 Rude, and untaught, like any Indian Queen,
 My Country nakedness, is strangely seen.
 How is Love govern'd, Love that rules the state
 And pray who are the Men most worn of late ?
 When I was marry'd, Fools, were All-a-mode,
 Then Men of Wit, were then held incommode,
 Slow of belief, and sickle in desire,
 Who e're they'le be perswaded, must enquire,
 As if they came to spye, not to admire.
 With searching wisdom, fatal to their ease,
 They find out why, what may, and shou'd not please.
 Nay take themselves for injur'd, when we dare,
 Make'em think better of us than we are :

And

*And if we hide our frailties from their sights,
 Call us deceitful Jilts, and Hypocrites ;
 Thy little guests (who at our Arts are griev'd)
 The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd :
 Inquisitive, as jealous Cuckolds grow.
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know,
 What being known, creates their certain woe.
 Women, shou'd these of all Mankind avoid,
 For wonder by clear knowledge is destroy'd,
 ; Women, who is an Arrant Bird of Night,
 Bold in the dusk, before a Fools dull sight,
 Must fly, when Reason brings the blazing light.
 But the kind easie Fool, apt to admire
 Himself, trust us ; his follies all conspire,
 To flatter his, and favour our desire :
 Vain of his proper merit, he with ease.
 Believes we love him best, who best can please :
 On him our gross, dull, common, flatteries, pass.
 Ever most happy, when most made an Ass ;
 Heavy to apprehend, though all Mankind
 Perceive us false, the Fop himself, is blind,
 Who doating on himself-----
 Thinks ev'ry one that sees him of his Mind.
 These are true Womens Men here forc'd to cease,
 Through want of breath , not will to hold her
 peace ;
 She to the Window runs, where she had spi'd,
 Her much esteem'd dear Friend, the Monkey cy'd.
 With Forty smiles, as many Antick bows,
 As if't had been the Lady of the House,
 The dirty chatt'ring Monster, she embrac'd ;
 And made it this fine tender Speech at last.*

Kiss me ! thou curious Miniature of Man.
How odd thou art ! how pretty ! how japan !
Oh I cou'd live and dye with thee ! then on
For half on hour in Complements she ran.
 I took this time to think what *Nature* meant,
 When this mixt thing into the *World* she sent,
 So very wise, yet so impertinent,
 One that knows ev'ry thing ; that *God* thought fit,
 Shou'd be an *Ass*, through choich, not want of wit.
 Whose *Foppery*, without the help of sense,
 Cou'd ne're have rise to such an excellence.
Nature's as lame in making a true *Fop*,
 As a *Philosopher* ; the very top.
 And dignity of folly, we attain,
 By studious search, and labour of the *Brain* ;
 By observation, Councel, and deep thought,
God, never made a *Coxcomb* worth a groat ;
 We owe that Name to Industry, and Arts,
 An eminent *Fool*, must be a *Man* of parts :
 And such a one was she, who had turn'd o're,
 As many *Books* as *Men*, lov'd much, read more ;
 Had discerning *Wit*, to her was known,
 Ev'ry ones fault, or merit, but her own :
 All the good *Quallities*, that ever blest,
 A *Woman*, so distinguish'd from the rest,
 Except discretion only, she possest.

But now *Moncher*, dear *Pug*, says she adieu,
 And the discourse broke off, does thus renew.

You smile to see me, whom the World perchance
Mistakes to have some wit, so far advance.

The interest of Fools, that I approve,
Their merit more, than Mens of wit, and love.

But

*But in our Sex, too many proofs there are,
 Of such whom Wits undone, and Fools repair :
 This in my time, was so observ'd a Rule,
 Hardly a Wench, in Town, but had her Fool ;
 The meanest common Slut, who long was grown,
 The jeast, and scorn of ev'ry Pit Buffoone ;
 Had yet left charms enough, to have subdu'd,
 Some Fop, or other, fond to be thought lewd.
 F-----, cou'd make an Irish Lord, a Nokes ;
 And B-----M-----, had her City Cokes
 A Womans ne're so ruin'd, but she can,
 Be still reveng'd, on her undoer Man.
 How lost soe're, she'll find some Lover, more,
 A more abandon'd Fool, than she a Whores
 That wretched thing Corinna, who has run
 Through all the several ways of being undone,
 Couzen'd at first by love, and living then,
 By turning thee too dear-bought-cheat on Men.
 Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
 When first the Town, her early Beauties knew ;
 Courted admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed,
 Youth in her Cheeks, and pleasure in her Bed.
 Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit,
 To make her dote upon a Man of Wit,
 Who found 'twas dull to love above a Day,
 Made his ill natur'd jest, and went away :
 Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd.
 Shee's a Memento mori, to the rest.
 Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up Half a Crown,
 Must Mortgage her Long Scarfe, & Mantoe-Gown.
 Poor Creature! who unheard of as a Fly,
 In some dark hole, must all the Winter lye.*

And

*And want she must endure a whole half year,
 That for one Month, she Tawdry may appear :
 In Easter Terme, she gets her a new Gown,
 When my young Masters Worship comes to Town ;
 From Pedagogue, and Mother, jest set free,
 The hopeful Heir, of a great Family :
 Who with strong Beer, and Beef, the Country rules,
 And ever since the Conquest, have been Fools.
 And still with careful prospect, to maintain,
 This Charecter, least crossing of the Strain.
 Shou'd mend the Body Breed, his Friends provide,
 A Couzen of his own to be his Bride.*

And thus set out-----

*With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife,
 The soled comforts, of a Coxcomb's life ;
 Dunghil, and Peas, forsook, he comes to Town,
 Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.
 Nothing sues worse with Vice, than want of sense,
 Fools are still wicked, at their own expence.
 This o're grown School-Boy, lost Corinna, wins,
 At the first dash, to make an Ass, begins.
 Pretends to like a Man, that has not known.
 The Vanities, nor Vices of the Town.
 Fresh in his youth, and faithful in his love,
 Eager of joys, which he does seldom prove,
 Healthful, and strong, he does no pains endure,
 But what the fair one, he adores, can cure :
 Grateful for favours, does the Sex esteem,
 And Libellis none, for being kind to him.
 Then of the lewdness of the Town complains,
 Railes at the Witts, and Atheists, and maintains.*

'Tis

'Tis better than good sense, than Paw'r, or Wealth,
To have a Blood, untained, youth, and health.

The ill-bred Puppy, who had never seen,
A Creature look so gay, or talk so fine ;
Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt,
Mortgages all, ev'n to the Antient Seat,
To buy this Mystriss, a new House, for life ;
To give her Plate, and Jewels, Robs his Wife.
And when to the height of fondness he is grown,
'Tis time to poyson him, and all's her own.

Thus meeting in her common Arms his Fate,
He leaves her Bastard, Heir to his Estate ;
And as the Race of such an Owl, deserves
His own dull lawful Progeny he starves
Nature, who never made a thing in vain,
But does each Insect, to some end ordain.

Wisely provides kind-keeping Fools, no doubt
To patch up Vices, Men of Wit, were out.

Thus she ran on Two hours, some grains of sense,
Still mixt with Volleys of impertinence.

But now 'tis time I shou'd some pitty shew,
To Cloe, since I cannot choose but know ;
Readers, must reap the dullness, Writers sow.
By the next Post, I will such Stories tell,
As joyn'd to these, shall to a Volume swell ;
Truer than Heaven, more infamous than Hell,
But you are tir'd and so am I-----

Farewel.

The Imperfect Enjoyment.

Naked she lay, claspt in my longing Arms,
 I fill'd with Love, and she all over charms,
 Both equally inspir'd, with eager fire,
 Melting through kindness, flaming in desire.;
 With *Arms, Legs, Lips*, close clinging to embrace,
 She clips me to her *Breast*, and sucks me to her
Face.

The nimble *Tongue* (*Love's lesser Lightning*) plaid
 Within my *Mouth*, and to my thoughts convey'd.
 Swift Orders, that I shou'd prepare to throw,
 The *All-dissolving Thunderbolt* below.

My flutt'ring *Soul*, sprung with the pointed kiss,
 Hangs hov'ring o're her *Balmy Limbs* of Bliss.
 But whilst her busie hand, wou'd guide that part,
 VVhich shou'd convey my *Soul*, up to her *Heart*.

In liquid *Raptures* I dissolve all o're,
 Melt into Sperme, and spend at ev'ry Pore:
 A touch from any part of her had don't;
 Her Hand, her Foot, her very look's a *Cunt*.
 Smiling, she chids in a kind murm'ring *Noise*,
 And from her *Body* wips the clammy joys;
 VVhen with a Thousand Kisses, wand'ring o're,
 My panting *Breast*, and is there then no more?
 She cries. All this to Love, and *Rapture's* due,
 Must we not pay a debt to pleasure too?
 But I the most forlone, lost *Man* alive,
 To shew my wisht Obedience vanly strive,
 I sing alas! and Kiss, but cannot Swive.

Eager

Eager desires, confound my first intent,
 Succeeding shame, does more success prevent,
 And *Rage*, at last, confirms me impotent.
 Ev'n her fair Hand, which might bid heat return
 To frozen *Age*, and make cold *Hermits* burn,
 Apply'd to my dead *Cinder*, warms no more,
 Than Fire to *Ashes*, cou'd past Flames restore.
 Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber, dry,
 A wishing, weak, unmoving lump I ly,
 This *Dart* of love, whose piercing point oft try'd,
 With *Virgin blood*, ten thousand *Maids* has dy'd.
 Which *Nature* still directed with such *Art*,
 That it through ev'ry *C--t*, reacht ev'ry *Heart*.
 Stiffly resolv'd, twou'd carelessly invade,
Woman or *Boy*, nor ought its fury staid,
 Where e're it pierc'd, a *Cunt* it found or made.
 Now languid lies, in this unhappy hour,
 Shrunk up, and Sapless, like a wither'd *Flow'r*.
 Thou treacherous, base, and deserter of my flame,
 False to my passion, fatal to my *Fame*;
 By what mistaken *Magick* dost thou prove,
 So true to lewdness, so untrue to Love?
 What *Oyster*, *Cinder*, *Beggar*, common *Whore*,
 Didst thou e're fail in all thy Life before?
 When *Vice*, *Disease* and *Scandal* lead the way,
 VVith what officious hast dost thou obey?
 Like a Rude-roaring *Hector*, in the *Streets*,
 That Scuffles, Cuffs, and Ruffles all he meets;
 But if his *King*, or *Country*, claim his Aid,
 The *Rascal Villain*, shrinks, and hides his head:
 Ev'n so thy *Brutal Valor*, is displaid,
 Breaks ev'ry *Stems*, does each small *Whore* invade,
 But

But if great *Love*, the onset does command,
 Base recreant, to thy *Prince*, thou darst not stand
 VVorst part of me, and henceforth hated most,
 Through all the *Town*, the common *Fucking Post*
 On whom each *Whore*, relieves her tingling *Cum*
 As *Hogs*, on *Goats*, do rub themselves and grunt
 May'st thou to rav'nous *Shankers*, be a *Prey*,
 Or in consuming *Weepings* wast away.
 May *Stranguries*, and *Stone*, thy *Dayes* attend.
 May'st thou *Piss*, who didst refuse to spend,
 When all my joyes, did on false thee depend.
 And may ten thousand abler *Pricks* agree,
 To do the wrong'd *Corinna*, right for thee.

T O L O V E.

O! nunquam pro me satis indigne Cupido.

O *H Love!* how cold, and slow to take my
 part,
 Thou idle *Wanderer*, about my *Heart*.
 Why thy *Old faithful Soldier*, wilt thou see,
 Opprest in thy own *Tents*? they murder me.
 Thy *Flames* Consume, thy *Arrows* Pierce thy
Friends,
 Rather on *Foes*, pursue more noble ends.
Achilles Sword, wou'd gen'rously bestow,
 A Cure, as certain, as it gave the blow.

Hunters,

Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o're ;
 When the *Prey's* caught, hope still leads on before.
 We thy own *Slaves* feel thy *Tyrannick* blows,
 Whilst thy tame Hands unmov'd against thy *Foes*.
 On *Men* disarm'd, how can you gallant prove,
 And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.

Millions of dull *Men*, live, and scornful *Maids*,
 Wee'll own *Love* valiant, when he these invades.
Rome, from each *Corner* of the wide *World*, snatch'd
 A *Lawrel*, or't had been to this day thatch'd.

But the Old *Soldier*, has his resting place,
 And the good batter'd *Horse*, is turn'd to *Grass*.
 The harraſt *Whore*, who liv'd a wretch to please,
 Has leave to be a *Bawd*, and take her ease.

For me then, who have freely spent my Blood,
 (*Love*) in thy Service, and so boldly stood.

In *Celia's* Trenches ; wer't not wisely done,
 E'en to retire, and live at peace at home?

No---might I gain a *God-head*, to disclaim,
 My glorious *Title*, to my endless flame :

Divinity, with scorn, I wou'd forswear,
 Such sweet, dear, tempting *Devils*, *Women* are.

When er'e those flames grow faint, I quickly find,
 A fierce black Storm, pour down upon my *Mind*.

Head-long, I'm hurl'd, like *Horse-men*, who in vain,
 Their (fury foaming) *Courſers*, wou'd restrain ;

As *Ships*, juſt when the *Harbour* they attain.
 Are ſnatcht by ſudden *Blaſts*, to *Sea* again :

So *Loves* fantaſtick ſtorms, reduce my *Heart*,
 Half-reſcu'd, and the *God* reſumes his *Dart*.

Strike here, this undefended *Bosome* wound,
 And for ſo brave a *Conqueſt* be renown'd.

Shaft

Shafts fly so fast to me from ev'ry part ,
 You'le scarce discern your *Quiver*, from my *Heart*.
 What *Wretch* can bear a live-long nights dull rest
 Or think himself in lazy slumbers blest ?
Fool--- is not sleep the Image of pale *Death* ?
 There's time for rest , when fate has stopt your
 breath.

Me , may my soft deluding dear deceive ,
 I'me happy in my hopes , whilst I believe.
 Now let her flatter , then as fondly chide.
 Often may I enjoy , of't be deny'd.
 With doubtful steps , the *God of War* does move
 By thy example , in *Ambiguous Love*.
 Blown to and fro like *Down* from thy own *Wing* ;
 Who knows, when joy, or Anguish, thou wilt bring ?
 Yet at thy *Mothers* , and thy *Slaves* request ,
 Fix an *Eternal Empire* in my *Breast* ;
 And let th' inconstant charming *Sex* ,
 Whose willful scorn , does *Lovers* vex ;
 Submit their *Hearts* before thy *Throne* ,
 The *Vassal World* , is then thy own.

The Maim'd Debauchee.

AS some brave *Admiral* , in former *War* ,
 Depriv'd of force , but prest with courage
 still ;
 Two *Rival-Fleets* , appearing from a far ,
 Crawles to the top of an adjacent *Hill*.

From

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he
views

The wise, and daring Conduct of the fight,
And each bold Action, to his *Mind* renews,
His present glory, and his past delight.

From his fierce *Eyes*, flashes of rage he throws,
As from black *Clouds*, when *Lightning* breaks away,
Transported, thinks himself amidst his *Foes*,
And absent, yet enjoys the Bloody *Day*.

So when my *Days* of impotence approach,
And I'm by *Pox*, and *Wines* unlucky chance,
Drov'n from the pleasing *Billows* of debauch,
On the dull *Shore* of lazy temperance.

My pains at last some respite shall afford,
Whilst I behold the *Battails* you maintain,
When *Fleets* of *Glasses*, Sail about the *Board*;
From whose Broad-lides *Volley*s of *Wit* shall rain.

Nor shall the sight of *Honourable Scars*,
Which my too forward *Valour* did procure.
Frighten new listed *Souldiers* from the *Warrs*,
Past joys have more than paid what I endure.

Shou'd hopeful *Youths* (worth being drunk) prove
nice,

And from their fair Inviters meanly shrink,
Twou'd please the *Ghost*, of my departed *Vice*,
If at my Council, they repent and drink,

Or shou'd some cold complexion'd *Sot* forbid,
 With his dull *Morals*, our *Nights* brisk *Alarmes*,
 I'll fire his Blood by telling what I did,
 When I was strong, and able to bear *Armes*.

I'll tell of *Whores* Attacqu'd their Lords at home,
Bawds *Quarters* beaten up, and *Fortress* won,
Windows demolisht, *Watches* overcome,
 And handsome ills, by my contrivance done.

Nor shall our *Love-fits* *Cloris* be forgot,
 When each the well-look'd *Link-boy*, strove t'enjoy
 And the best Kiss, was the deciding *Lot*,
 Whether the *Boy* us'd you, or I the *Boy*.

With Tales like these, I will such heat inspire,
 As to the important mischeif shall incline.
 I'll make them long some *Antient Church* to fire,
 And fear no lewdness there call'd to by *Wine*.

Thus *States-man-like*, I'll sawcily impose
 And safe from danger *Valiently* advise,
 Shelter'd in impotence, urge you to blows,
 And being good for nothing else, be wise.

The Argument.

How Tall-boy , Kill-prick , Suck-Prick , did
 contend,
 For Bridegroom Dildoe , Friend did fight with
 Friend ;
 But Man of God, by Law-Man, called Parson,
 Contriv'd by turns how each might rub her
 Arse on.

SAY *Heav'n-born Muse*, for only thou canst tell,
 How discord dire, between Two *Widows* fell?
 What made the *Fair one* , and her well shap'd
 Mother,

Duty forget, and pious *Nature* smother?
 Who was most modest, vertuous, or fair,
 Was not the cause of contest I dare swear.
 Nor Wit, nor breeding, rais'd this emulation ;
 Those things with them are trifles out of fashion.
 Great was the strife, rais'd up by envious *Fate*,
 To ruine *Pegos*, happy Reign and State.

When R-----with every Eye beheld,
 The Three dear *Friends* , his Heart with rancor
 swell'd.

That in one *House*, they were of one accord,
 Wanton in *Bed*, and Riorous at *Board*,
 Preferring *Brawny G-----* to Spiney Lord :
 He Vow'd to break this *Tripple League*, of Love,
 And from their *Breasts*, sweet *Friendship* to remove.

In a foul day, from bawdy *Bath*, he flies,
 To put in Act his hasted enterprife.
 Ith' *Bow'r* of Blifs, where sacred *Ballocks* dwells,
 There lives a *Hagg*, deep red in Charms, and Spells;
Philters, and *Potions*, that my *Magick* skill;
 Can give an *Eunuch* Stones, and *Cunt* its fill.
Babes, at her call fly from the breeding *Womb*,
 With *Neighbour T-rd*, in loathsome *Fakes* to roame.
 As oft as *Finger*, *Dildoe*, *Pego*, *Rape*,
 The *Virgin Hymen*, she repaires the *Gap* :
 Fam'd through the *World*, for the C---t. mending
 Trade ;

To her he goes to implore her mighty Aid,
 By *Men* she's call'd the *Mother* of the *Maids*.
Hail Worse. Dame (said he) repleat with grace.
 Mother, oth' *Maids*, Daughter of noble Race !
 Whilst *Men* of God to Betty B-----go.
 Whilst *Prick*, and *Pen*, with *White*, and *Black*
 does flow,

My lasting *Verse*, shall magnifie the fame,
 And melting *Tarse*, adore thy holy name.
 Therefore dear *Mother*, lend thine equal *Ear*,
 To my complaint, and favour my just *Prayer*.
 There is a place, a down a gloomy *Vale*, the *Bath*
 Where burthen'd *Nature*, lays her nasty *Tail* ;
 Then *Thousand Pilgrims*, thither do resort,
 For ease, disease, for lechery, and sport :
 Thither two *Beldames*, and a jilting *Wife*,
 Came to swive off, the tedious hours of life :
 Unwilling to contribute to their joy,
 Offer'd my *Myte*, to th' young unsatiate *Toy*,
 Who banish'd *Cuck*, cause *Cunt* he cou'd not cloy.

Her

Here upright Dame, Kill-prick, the wise old Jew,
 Told me I must Twelve times her Womb bedew,
 Ere her Child Suck-prick, shou'd her Buttocks show
 Resolv'd to win like Hercules, the Prize.
 Twelve times I scour'd the Kennel twixt her Thighs,
 The cheating Jilt, at th' Twelfth, a Dry-Bob, cries.
 My Prick and I, thus cross, bit in high rage,
 Appeal'd to th' skilful sticklees on the Stage.
 With that fair Tall-boy, and bold Suck-prick, come,
 To squeeze my Tarse, and pass their final doom :
 Saying if on Priapus, I cou'd shew,
 One holy Relique, of kind Pearly Dew,
 It th' Twelfth time, in Kill-pricks Arse, did Spew.
 To their deriding Test, I did submit,
 Priapus squeez'd, a Snow-Ball, did emit ;
 Yet these Two partial Dames, a dry Bob, cry,
 Perform your Bargain (Peer) or frigg, and dye.
 Thus was I Rook'd of Twelve substantial Fucks,
 By these base stinking, over itchin Nocks.
 Your aid, your aid, dear Mother me inspire,
 With apt revenge to feed my raging fire.

The gracious Matron, smiling on him said.
 Be it as thou desir'st my dear lov'd Lad ;
 For this abuse, the Rump-fed-Runts shall mourn,
 Till slimey Cunt, to grimey A-se hole turn.
 By her Caves Mouth, a verdant Mirtle grows,
 Bearing Loves Trophies, on his sacred Boughs.
 The Crowns of Kings, were offer'd to this Shrine,
 Dildoes and Merkins of thy Royal Line.
 Fair Ladies hearts ; with Mitred Pricks transfixt,
 In Mystick manner, make the Crucifix.

To th' Tree she leads him, from a *Bough* pulls
down,

A mighty Tool, a *Dildoe* of renown;
A *Dildoe*, long, and large, as *Hectors Lance*,
Inscrib'd, *Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense*.

Knight of the *Garter*, made for's vast deserts,
As *Modern Heroe*, was for's monstrous parts.

This pious Son (said he) nail up in *Box*,
By *Carrier*, send it these salt burning *Nocks*,
Directed thus. To the *Lady* most deserving
Who's made most *Slaves*, and kept most *Pricks* from
Starving.

O're-joy'd with hop'd success away he flies,
To *Bath*, disguis'd, to bear the welcome *Prize*;
But when they saw the Image of the Blest *Man*?
Who can express how fast, how swift they ran!
Each for her self to seize it; no *Dog* at *Deer*,
Nor *Hawk*, at *Herne*, shew'd such a swift carri'ere.
At once they soule, on the beloved *Prey*
And sworn *Friends* do engage in *Mortal Fray*.
Old *Kill-prick*, dreadful to her *Friends*, and *Foes*,
Like *Luxenburgh*, in Back, and Breast-plate shows.
Gygantick Tall-boy famed in the *West*,
For *Cornish Hugg*, to th' fight her self address;
Whilst the *Child Suck-prick*, hop'd to steal away,
By *Stratagem*, the glory of the Day.
But all in vain, *Tall-Boy*, with one hand held,
Joves Prize, with th' other crafty *Suck-prick* sell'd:
But looks, not *Menaces*, nor crashing blow,
Cou'd make stout *Kill-prick*, quit her lov'd *Dildoe*:
Undanted, she maintain'd a cruel fight;
For *Conquest* scratcht. and tore. withal her might.

So

pulls So have I seen a crum-back Crab-louse stick,
 With fervent love, to lick creating Prick;
 The more he pulls, the more the loving Wretch,
 Doea strive to stay, and each Hair does catch.
 Till murdering Man, enrag'd from Ballocks tears,
 The Nock-born-Bratt, and ends his hopeful years.
 So hard it far'd with Kill-prick, had not Fate,
 Sent Man of God, to end the dire debate,
What rage, what fury (said he) do ye stir
To shed the Blood of Saints, in civil War?
How well you make the Mother Church, to mourn,
And to Fanaticks be the publick scorn?
For shame, dear Souls, reserve your noble blood,
To spend with Man. Abasht the Warriors stood
To see the holy Father, in the place,
But strait on the matter putting a good face ;
 Thus Kill-prick spake.

To you O Reverend Sir
The justness of this Cause I will transfer,
A Cause too great for Lay-men, vile to try,
Fit for Plus Ultras, deep Divinity
A Cause, for which blest Saints, above wou'd dye!
 The modest Tall-boy, so devote appears,
 Though stealing Prick, you'd think she had her
 Prayer's;
 And though she had almost won the bloody Field,
 With Suck-prick (Babe of Grace) to this does yield.
 The case being stated, holy Man does pray,
 For a Blessing on's endeavours, then does say
Whereas sage Matrones, you do all agree,
Your case to yield to my integrity,
Fitter for general Council than weak me,

Dildoe's a Lawful Tool, deny't who can,
I'll prove 'tis made for a meet help for Man;
As unto Rector, Curate, is Assistant,
So Dildoe's to faln Prick, when Cunt has pist on't.
But her's th' Elect, ordain'd for Propagation,
Who trusts in this is blest in Generation;
This has done more, than Turnbridge, Bath, or Ep-
Though ne're so barran this is sure to help 'em. (som,
Then pulling out the Rector, of the Females,
Nine times he bath'd him, in their piping hot Tails.
Panting (quoth he) now peace be on ye all,
When I am absent then one Dildoe call;
As those in holy Church, to Image pray,
When wonder-working Saint, out o'th' way,
Thus all well pleas'd to Church away they go,
To sing Te Deum, for their dear Dildoe.

An Allusion to Horace.

The 10th Satyr of the 1st. Book.

Nempe incompósito Dixi pede, &c.

VWell Sir, 'tis granted, I said *D--Rhimes*,
Were stoln, unequal, nay dull many
times:

What foolish Patron, is there found of his,
So blindly partial, to deny me this?

But

But that his *Plays*, embroider'd up, and down,
With *Wit*, and *Learning*, justly pleas'd the *Town*,
In the same *Paper*, I as freely own.

Yet having this allow'd, the heavy *Mass*,
That Stuffs up his loose *Volumns*, must not pass:
For by that *Rule*, I might aswel admit,
Crowns, tedious *Scenes*, for *Poetry*, and *Wit*.

'Tis therefore not enough, when your false sense,
Hits the false Judgment, of an *Audience*:

Of clapping *Fools*, assembled a vast Crowd,
Till the throng'd *Play-house*, crack with the dull
Though ev'n that *Talent*, merits in some sort, (load;
That can divert the *Rabble*, and the *Court*.

Which blundring *S----*, never cou'd attain,
And puzzling *O-----*, labours at in vain.

But within due proportions circumscribe
What e're you write; that with a flowing Tide,
The *Style* may rise, yet in its rise forbear,
With useles words, t' oppress the weary'd Ear.

Here be your Language lofty, there more light,
Your *Rethorick*, with your *Poetry* unite:

For *Elegance* sake, sometimes allay the force
Of *Epithets*; 'twill soften the discourse;

A jeast in scorn, points out, and hits the thing.
More home, than the *Moros Sairs* sting.

Shake-spear, and *Johnson*, did herein excell,
And might in this be imitated well;

Whom refin'd *E----*, copy's not at all,
But is himself, a sheer *Original*.

Nor that slow *Drudge*, in swift *Pindarick* strains,
F-----, who *C-----* imitates with pains,

And rides a jaded *Muse*, whipt with loose Rains.
When

VWhen *Lee* , makes temp'rate *Scipio* , fret, and rave
 And *Hannibal* , a whining Amorous *Slave* ,
 I laugh , and with the hot-brain'd *Fustian Fool* ,
 In B--- hands , to be well lasht at *School* .
 Of all our *Modern Wits* none seems to me ,
 Once to have toucht , upon true *Comedy* ,
 But hasty *Shadwel* , and slow *Wicherley*
Shadwells unfinish'd works do yet impart ,
 Great proofs of force of *Nature* , none of *Art* ;
 VVith just bold strokes he dashes here, and there,
 Shewing great *Mustery* , with little *Care* ;
 And scorns to varnish his good *Touches* o're,
 To make the *Fools* , and *Women* , praise'em more.
 But *Wicherley* , earneshard , what e're he gains ,
 He wants no judgment , nor he spares no pains ;
 He frequently excells , and at the least ,
 Makes fewer faults , than any of the best.
Waller , by *Nature* , for the *Bays* design'd ,
 With force , and fire , and fancy unconfin'd ,
 In *Panegyricks* , does excell *Mankind* .
 He best can turn , enforce , and soften things ,
 To praise great *Conquerors* , or to flatter *Kings* .

For pointed *Satyrs* , I wou'd *Buckhurst* choose ,
 The best good *Man* , with the worst natur'd *Must* .
 For *Songs* , and *Verses* , mannerly , obscene ,
 That can stir *Nature* up , by spring unseen ,
 And without forcing blushes worm the *Queen* .

Sidley , as that prevailing , gentle *Art* ,
 That can with a resistless *Charm* impart ,
 The loofest wishes , to the chastest heart .
 Raise such a conflict , kindle such a *Fire* ,
 Betwixt declining *Vertue* , and *Desire* ;

Till the poor vanquish't *Maid* dissolves away,
In *Dreams* all *Night*, in *Sighs*, and *Tears*, all day.

D---, in vain try'd this nice way of wit,
For he to be a tearing *Blade*, thought fit,
But when he wou'd be sharp; he still was blunt,
To frisk his frolicque fancy, he'd cry C---t,
Wou'd give the *Ladies*, a dry *Bawdy* bob,
And thus got the name of *Poet Squab*.

But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,
His *Excellencies* more than faults abound,
Nor dare I from his sacred *Temples* tear,
That *Lawrel*, which he best deserves to wear,
But does not D----, find ev'n *Johnson* dull?
Fletcher and *Beaumont*, uncorrect, and full,
O lewd *Lines*, as he calls 'em? *Shake-spears* stile
Stiff and affected; to his own the while,
Allowing all the justness that his *Pride*,
So *Arrogantly* had to these deny'd?

And may not I, have leave impartially,
To search, and censure D----, *Works*, and try,
If those gross faults, his choice *Pen* does commit,
Proceed from want of Judgment, or of Wit?
Or of his lumpish fancy, does refuse,
Spirit and Grace, to his loose flattern *Muse*?
Five hundred Verses, ev'ry *Morning* writ,
Proves you no more a *Poet*, than a *Wit*:
Such scribbling *Authors*, have been seen before
Mustapha, the *English Princess*, Forty more,
Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour,
To write what may securely stand the *Test*,
Of being well read over thrice at least;

Compare each *Phrase* , examine ev'ry *Line* ,
 Weigh ev'ry *Word* , and ev'ry *Thought* refine ;
 Scorn all applause , the vile *Rout* can bestow ,
 And be content to please those few who know .
 Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing ,
 To wish thy *Works* might make a *Play-house* ring .
 With the unthinking *Laughter* , and poor praise ,
 Of *Fops* , and *Ladies* , Factionous for thy *Plays* ?
 Then send a cunning *Friend* to learn thy doom ,
 From the threwd Judges of the *drawing Room* .
 I've no *Ambition* on that idle score ,
 But say with *Betty M----* , heretofore ,
 When a *Court Lady* , call'd her *B----* , *Whore* ;
 I please one *Man of Wit* , am proud on't too ,
 Let all the *Coxcombs* , dance to *Bed* to you .
 Shou'd I be troubled when the *Pur-blind Knight* ,
 Who squints more in his Judgment , than his sight ,
 Picks silly faults , and censures what I write ?
 Or when the poor-fed *Poets* of the *Town* ,
 For Scraps , and Coach-room cry my Verses down ?
 I loath the *Rabble* , 'tis enough for me ,
 If *S----* , *S----* , *S----* , *W----* ,
G---- , *B----* , *B----* , *B----* ,
 And some few more , whom I omit to name ,
 Approve my sense , I count their censure *Fame* .

In defence of Satyr.

When *Shakes. Johns. Fletcher*, rul'd the Stage,
They took so bold a freedom with the
Age,

That there was scarce a *Knave*, or *Fool*, in *Town*,
Of any note, but had his *Picture* shown;

And (without doubt) though some it may offend,
Nothing helps more than *Satyr*, to amend
Ill Manners, or is trulier *Vertues Friend*.

Princes, may *Laws* ordain, *Priests* gravely Preach,
But *Poets*, most successfully will teach.

For as a passing *Bell*, frights from his *Mear*,
The greedy *Sick man*: that too much wou'd Eat;
So when a *Vice*, ridiculous is made,

Our *Neighbors* shame, keeps us from growind bad.
But wholesome remedies, few *Palates* please,

Men rather love, what flatters their *Disease*;

Pimps, *Parasites*, *Buffoons*, and all the *Crew*,

That under *Friendships* name, weak *Man* undoe;

Find their false *Service*, kindlier understood,

Than such as tell bold *Truths* to do us good.

Look where you will, and you shall hardly find;

A *Man*, without some sickness of the *Mind*.

In vain we wise wou'd seem, while ev'ry *Leet*,

Whisks us about, as *Whirlwinds* do the *Dust*.

Here for some needless *Gain*, *VVreich* is hurl'd,

From *Pole*, to *Pole*, and *Slav'd* about the *World*;

While

While the reward of all his pains , and Care ,
Ends in that despicable thing , his *Heir*.

There a vain *Fop* , *Mortgages* all his *Land* ,
To buy that gawdy *Play-thing* a *Command* ,
To ride a *Cock-Horse* , wear a *Scarfe* , at's *Arse* ,
And play the *Pudding* , in a *May-day-farce*.

Here one whom *God* to make a *Fool* , thought fit ,
In spite of *Providence* , will be a *Wit*.

But wanting strength , t'uphold his ill made choice ,
Sets up with *Lewdness* , *Blasphemy* , and *Noise* ,

There at his *Mrs. Feet* , a *Lover* lyes

And for a tawdrey , painted *Baby* dyes.

Falls on his *Knees* , adores , and is afraid ,

Of the vain *Idol* , he himself has made.

These , and a thousand *Fools* unmention'd here ,

Hate *Poets* all , because they *Poets* fear

Take heed (they cry) yonder *Mad Dog* will bite ,

He cares not whom he falls on in his fit ;

Come but in's way , and strait a new *Lampoon*

Shall spread your mangled *Fame* about the *Town* ,

But why am I this *Bug-bear* to ye all ?

My *Pen* is dipt in no such bitter *Gall*.

He that can rail at one he calls his *Friend* ,

Or hear him absent wrong'd , and not defend ;

Who for the sake of some ill natur'd *Jest* ,

Tells what he shoul'd conceal , *Invents* the rest ;

To fatal *Mid-night* quarrels , can betray ,

His brave *Companion* , and then run away ;

Leaving him to be murder'd in the *street* ,

Then put it off , with some *Buffoon* Conceit ;

This , this is he , you shou'd beware of all ,

Yet him a pleasant , witty *Man* , you call

To whet your dull Debauches up, and down,
You seek him as top *Fidler* of the *Town*.

But if I laugh when the *Court Coxcombs* show,
To see that *Booby Sotns* dance *Provoc*.

Or chatt'ring *Porns*, from the *Side Box* grin,
Trickt like a *Ladys Monkey* new made clean.

To me the name of *Railer*, strait you give,
Call me a *Man* that knows not how to live.

But *Wenches* to their *Keepers*, true shall turn,
Stale *Maids* of Honor, proffer'd *Husbands* scorn,
Great *States-man*, flatt'ry, and Clinches hate,
And long in Office dye without *Estate*.

Against a *Bribe*, *Court Judges*, shall decide,
The *City Knav'ry* want, the *Clergy Pride*.

E're that black *Malice*, in my Rhymes you find,
That wrongs a worthy *Man*, or hurts a *Friend*.

But then perhaps you'll say, why do you write?
What you think harmless *Mirth*, the World
thinks *Spight*.

Why shou'd your *Fingers* itch to have a lash.

At *Simius*, the *Buffoon*, or *Cully Bash*?

What is't to you, if *Alidores* fine *Whore*,

Fucks with some *Fop*, whilst he's shut out of *Door*?

Consider pray, that dang'rous *Weapon Wit*,

Frightens a *Million*, when a few you hit.

Whip but a *Curr*, as you ride through a *Town*,

And strait his *Fellow Currs* the Quarrel own,

Each *Knave*, or *Fool*, that's conscious of a *Crime*,

Tho he escapes now, looks for't another time.

Sir, I confess all you have said is true,

But who has not some *Folly* to pursue?

Milo turn'd *Quixot*, fancy'd *Battails*, *Fights*,
When the fifth *Bottle*, had encreas'd the *Lights*.

War-like Dirt Pyes, our *Heroic Paris* forms,
Which desprate *Bessus*, without *Armour* storms.

Cornus, the kind *Husband*, e're was born.
Still Courts the *Spark*, that does his *Brows* adorn.
Invites him home to dine, and fills his *Veins*,
With the hot *Blood*, which his dear *Doxy* drains.

Grandio thinks himself a *Beau-Garcon*,
Goggles his *Eyes*, writes *Letters* up and down;
And with his sawch *Love*, plagues all the *Town*.
While pleas'd to have his *Vanity* thus fed,
He's caught with *G----*, that old *Hag* a *Bed*.
But shou'd I all the crying *Follies* tell,
That rouse the sleeping *Sayer* from his *Cell*.

I to my *Reader*, shou'd as tedious prove,
As that old *Spark*, *Albanus* making love:
Or florid *Roscins*, when with some smooth *flam*,
He gravely on the publick, tries to *sham*.

Hold then my *Muse*, 'tis time to make an end,
Least taxing others, thou thy self offend.
The *World's* a *Wood*, in which all loose their way,
Though by a different *Path*, each goes *Astray*.

*On the suppos'd Authour of a late Poem in
defence of Satyr,*

TO rack, and torture thy unmeaning *Brain*,
In *Satyrs* praise, to a low untun'd strain,
In thee was most impertinent and vain.
When in thy *Person*, we more clearly see,
That *Satyr's* of Divine Authority,
For *God*, made one on *Man*, when he made thee.
To shew there were some *Men*, as there are *Apes*.
Fram'd for meer sport, who differ but in shapes:
In thee are all these contradictions joynd,
That make an *Asse*, prodigious and refin'd.
A lump deform'd, and shapeless wert thou born,
Begot in *Loves* despit, and *Natures* scorn;
And art grown up the most ungraceful *Wight*,
Harsh to the *Ear*, and hideous to the sight,
Yet *Love's* thy bus'ness, *Beauty* thy delight.
Curse on that silly hour, that first inspir'd,
Thy madness, to pretend to be admir'd;
To paint thy grizly *Face* to dance, to dress,
And all those Awkward *Follies* that express,
Thy loathsome *Love*, and filthy daintiness,
Who needs will be a Ugly *Beau-Garcon*,
Spit at, and shun'd, by ev'ry *Girl* in *Town*;
Where dreadfully *Loves Scare-Crow*, thou art plac'd
To fright the tender *Flock*, that long to taste:
While ev'ry coming *Maid*, when you appear,
Starts back for shame, and strait turns chaste for
fear.

For none so poor, or *Prostitute* have prov'd,
 Where you made love, t'endure to be belov'd.
 'Twere labour lost, or else I wou'd advise.
 But thy half *Wit*, will ne're let thee be wise.
 Half-witty, and half-mad, and scarce half-brave
 Half-honest (which is very much a *Knave*.)
 Made up of all these halves, thou can't not pass
 For any thing intirely, but an *Afs*.

The Answer.

R Aile on poor feeble *Scribler*, speak of me,
 In as bad Terms, as the *World* speaks of
 thee.

Sit swelling in thy Hole, like a vext *Toad*,
 And full of *Pox*, and *Malice*, spit abroad.
 Thou can't hurt no *Mans Fame*, with thy ill word
 Thy Pen, is full as harmless as thy Sword.

Seneca's Troas, Act. 2. Chorus.

A fter Death, nothing is, and nothing, Death
 The utmost Limits of a gasp of Breath:
 Let the ambitious Zealot, lay aside,
 His hopes of *Heav'n* (where Faith is but his pride)
 Let *Slavish Souls*, lay by their Fear,
 Nor be concern'd, which way, nor where.

After

After this life they shall be hurl'd,
 Dead, we become the *Lumber* of the *world*;
 And to that *Mass* of *Matter* shall be swept, (kept.
 Where things destroy'd, with things Unborn, are
 Devouring time swallows up whole,
 Impartial *Death* confounds *Body* and *Soul*.
 For *Hell*, and the foul *Fiend*, that rules,
 Gods everlasting fiery *Goales*,
 Devis'd by *Rogues*, dreaded by *Fools*;
 (With his grim griezly *Dog*, that keeps the *Door*)
 Are senseless *Stories*, idle *Tales*,
Dreams, *Whimseys*, and no more.

Upon Nothing.

Nothing thou *Elder Brother* ev'n to shade,
 Thou hadst a Being, e're the *World* was made,
 And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid,

2

E're time, and place, were, time, and place, were not
 When *Primitive Nothing*, something strait begot,
 Then all Proceeded from the great united--What?

3

Something, the gen'ral *Attribute* of all,
 Sever'd, from thee, it's sole *Original*,
 Into thy boundless self, must undistinguish'd fall.

D 2

Yet

4

Yet something did thy mighty pow'r command.
 And from thy fruitful emptinesses hand,
 Snatcht *Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Aire, and Land.*

5

Matter, the wicked' st *Off-spring* of thy *Race*,
 By forme assisted, flew from thy embrace,
 And *Rebel Light*, obscur'd thy reverend dusky Face.

6

With form and *Matter*, time, and place, did join,
Body, thy *Foe*, with thee did *Leagues* combine,
 To spoil thy peaceful *Realm*, and ruine all thy *Line*.

7

But *Turn-Coat-Time*, assists the *Foe* in vain,
 And brib'd by thee, assists the short liv'd *Reign*,
 And to thy hungry *VVomb*, drives back thy *Slaves*
 (again.)

8

Tho *Mysteries* are barr'd from *Laich-Eyes*,
 And the Divine alone, with *VVarrant* pryces,
 Into thy *Bosome*, where thy truth in private lyes.

9

Yet this of thee, the wise may freely say,
 Thou from the *Virtuous*, nothing tak' st away,
 And to be part of thee, the *VVicked* wisely pray.

10

d. Great *Negative*, how vainly wou'd the *Wife*,
 and. Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
 Didst thou not stand to point their dull *Philosophies*

11

ce. Is, or is not, the two great ends of *Fate*,
 And true, or false, the Subject of debate,
 That pfect, or destroy, the vast designs of *Fate*.

12

ne. When they have rack'd the *Politicians* Breast,
 Within thy *Bosome*, most-securely rest,
 And when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe, & best.

13

ves n. But *Nothing*, why does something still permit,
 That Sacred *Monarchs*, shou'd at *Council* sit,
 With *Persons* highly thought, at best, for *Nothing* fit.

14

s. Whil'st weighty *Something*, modestly abstains,
 From *Princes* *Coffers*, and from *States-Mens* Brains,
 And *Nothing* there, like stately *Nothing* reings.

15

7. *Nothing* who dwellest with *Fools*, in grave disguise,
 For whom they Reverend shapes, & formes devise.
Lawn-sleeves, & *Furrs*, & *Gowns* when they like thee
 (look wise.

16.

*French Truth, Dutch Prowess, British Policy,
Hybernian Learning, Scotch Civility,
Spaniards dispatch, Danes Wit, are mainly seen in*
(thee.

17

The great *Mans* gratitude, to his best *Friend*,
King Promises, Whores Vows, towards thee they
bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

Upon his leaving his Mistriss.

TIs not that I'm weary grown,
Of being yours, and yours alone,
But with what *Face* can I incline,
To damn you to be only mine?
You whom some kinder *Pow'r* did fashion,
By merit, and by inclination,
The joy at least of one whole *Nation*.

Let meaner Spirits of your *Sex*
With humbler aims, their thoughts perplex,
And boast, if by their *Arts* they can,
Contrive to make one happy *Man*;
Whilst mov'd by an impartial Sense,
Favours like *Nature* you dispenſe,
With Universal influence.

See

See the kind Seed-receiving Earth,
 To ev'ry Grain affords a *Birth*;
 On her no Show'rs unwelcome fall,
 Her willing *Womb*, retains 'em all,
 And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?
 No, live up to thy mighty *Mind*,
 And be the Mistris of *Mankind*.

Song.

IN the *Fields* of *Lincolns Inn*,
 Underneath a tatter'd *Blanket*,
 On a *Flock-Bed*, God be thanked,
 Feats of Active Love were seen.

Phillis, who you know loves Swiving,
 As the *Gods* love pious *Pray'rs*;
 Lay most pensively contriving,
 How to Fuck with *Pricks* by pairs.

Coridon's aspiring *Tarse*,
 Which to *Cunt*, had ne're submitted;
 Wet with Am'rous Kifs she fitted,
 To her less frequented Ar---

Strephon's, was a handful longer,
 Stiffly propt with eager *Lust*;
 None for *Champion*, was more stronger,
 This into her *Cunt* he thrust.

Now for Civil *Wars* prepare ,
 Rais'd by fierce intestine bustle.
 When these *Heroes* meeting juggle ,
 In the *Bowels* of the fair.

They tilt , and thrust with horrid pudder ,
 Blood , and slaughter is decreed ;
 Hurling Souls at one another ,
 Wrapt in flakey *Clotts* of *Seed*.

Nature had 'twixt *C--t* and *A-se* ,
 Wisely plac'd firm separation ;
 God knows else what desolation
 Had ensu'd from *Warring Tarse*.

Though *Fate* , a dismal end did threaten ,
 It prov'd no worse than was desir'd.
 The *Nymph* was sorely *Ballock* beaten ,
 Both the *Shepherds* soundly tir'd.

Upon his drinking a Bowl.

V *Ulcen* contrive me such a Cup ,
 As *Nestor* us'd of old ;
 Shew all thy skill to trim it up ,
 Damask it round with *Gold*.

Make

Make it so large, that fill'd with *Sack*,
 Up to the swelling brim ;
 Vast *Toasts*, on the delicious *Lake*,
 Like *Ships* at *Sea* may swim.

Engrave not *Battail* on his Cheek,
 With *War* ; I've nought to do ;
 I'm none of those that took *Mastrich*,
 Nor *Tarmouth Leager* knew.

Let it no name of *Planets* tell,
 Fixt *Stars*, or *Constellations* ;
 For I am no Sir *Sydrophell*,
 Nor none of his *Relations*.

But carve thereon a spreading *Vine*,
 Then add Two lovely *Boys* ;
 Their Limbs in Amorous folds intwine,
 The *Type*, of future joys.

Cupid, and *Bacchus*, my *Saints* are,
 May drink, and Love, still reign,
 With *Vine*, I walk away my cares,
 And then to *Cunt* again.

Song.

AS *Cloris* full of harmless thoughts ;
 Beneath a *Willow* lay ;
 Kind *Love* a youthful *Shepherd* brought ,
 To pass the time away.

She blusht to be encounter'd so ,
 And chid the Amorous *Swain* ;
 But as she strove to rise and go ,
 He pull'd her down again.

A sudden *Passion* seiz'd her *Heart* ,
 In spight of her disdain ;
 She found a *Pulse* in ev'ry part ,
 And *Love* in ev'ry *Vain*.

Ah you (said she) what *Charmes* are these ,
 That conquer and surprise ;
 Ah let me--- for unless you please ,
 I have no *Pow'r* to rise.

She fainting spoke , and trembling lay ,
 For fear he shou'd comply ;
 Her lovely *Eyes*, her *Heart* betray ,
 And gives her *Tongue* the lye.

Thus she , whom *Princes* had deny'd ,
 With all their *Pomp* and *Train* ;
 Was in the lucky *Minute* try'd ,
 And yielded to the *Swain*.

Song.

Quoth the *Dutchess* of Cl----, to Mrs.
Kn----

I'd fain have a *Prick*, but how to come by't ;
I desire you'll be secret, and give your advice,
Though Cunt be not coy, Reputation is nice.

To some *Cellar*, in *Sodom*, your *Grace* must retire,
There *Porters*, with *Black-pots*, sit round a *Coal-fire*;
There open your *Cafe*, and your *Grace* cannot fail,
Of a douzen of *Pricks*, for a douzen of *Ale*.

Is't so quoth the *Dutchess* ? Ah by God, quoth the
Whore.

Then give me the *Key*, that unlocks the *Back-dore*;
For I had rather be fuckt by *Porters*, and *Car-men*,
Then thus be abus'd by C----, and G-----

Song.

I Rise at Eleven, I Dine about Two,
I get drunk before Seven, and the next
thing I do;

I send for my *Whore*, when for fear of a *Clap*,
I Spend in her hand, and I Spew in her *Lap*;
There we quarrel, and scold, till I fall asleep,

When

When the *Bitch*, growing bold, to my Pocket does
creep ;

Then slyly she leaves me , and to revenge th' af-
front ,

At once she bereaves me of *Money* and *Cunt*.

If by chance then I wake, hot-headed, and drunk

What a coyle do I make for the loss of my *Punk* ?

I storm, and I roar, and I fall in a rage,

And missing my *Whore*, I bugger my *Page* :

Then crop-sick, all *Morning*, I rail at my *Men*,

And in Bed I lye Yawning, till Eleven again.

Song.

Love a *Woman* ! y'are an *Afs*,

'Tis a most insipid Passion

To choose out for your happiness !

The idlest part of *Gods Creation*.

Let the *Porter*, and the *Groome*,

Things design'd for dirty *Slaves*,

Drudge in fair *Aurelias Womb*,

To get supplies for Age, and Graves.

Farewel *Woman*, I intend,

Henceforth, ev'ry *Night* to sit,

With my lewd well natur'd *Friend*,

Drinking, to engender *Wit*.

Then

Then give me *Health*, *Wealth*, *Mirth*, and *Wine*,
 And if busie *Love*, intranches,
 There's a sweet soft *Page*, of mine,
 Does the trick worth *Forty Wenches*.

Song to Cloris.

FAir *Cloris* in a *Pig-Stye*, lay,
 Her tender *Herd*, lay by her,
 She slept in murm'ring gruntlings, they
 Complaining of the scorching Day;
 Her slumbers thus inspire.

She dreamt, while she with careful pains,
 Her snow Arms employ'd,
 In *Ivory Pails*, to fill out *Grains*,
 One of her Love convicted *Swaynes*,
 Thus hasting to her cry'd.

Fly *Nymph*! O fly! e're 'tis too late,
 A dear lov'd life to save,
 Rescue your Bosom *Pig*, from *Fate*,
 Who now expires, hung in the Gate,
 That leads to yonder *Cave*.

My self had try'd to set him free,
 Rather than brought the *News*,
 But I am so abhorr'd by thee,
 That ev'n thy *Darlings* life from me,
 I know thou woud'st refuse.

Struck

Struck with the News, as quick the flies,
 As blushes to her *Face* ;
 Not the bright *Lightning* from the *Skies* ,
 Nor *Love*, shot from her brighter *Eyes* ,
 Move half so swift a pace.

This Plot , it seems the lustful , *Slave* ,
 Had laid against her *Honor* ,
 Which not one *God* , took care to save ,
 For he pursues her to the *Cave* ,
 And throws himself upon her.

Now pierced is her *Virgin Zone* ,
 She feels the *Foe* within it ,
 She hears a broken *Am'rous* groan ,
 The panting *Lovers* fainting moan ,
 Just in the happy *Minute*.

Frighted she wakes , and waking *Friggs* ,
 Nature thus kindly eas'd ,
 In dreams rais'd by her murmur'ing *Piggs* ,
 And her own Thumb between her *Legs* ,
 She innocent and pleas'd.

Song.

Give me leave to rail at you,
 I ask nothing but my due;
 To call you false, and then to say,
 You shall not keep my Heart a day.
 But alas! against my will,
 I must be your *Captive* still.
 Ah! be kinder then, for I
 Cannot change, and wou'd not dye.

Kindness has resistless charmes,
 All besides, but weakly move,
 Fiercest Anger it disarms,
 And clips the Wings of flying love.
Beauty, does the *Heart* invade,
 Kindness only can perswade;
 It guilds the *Lovers*, servile *Chain*,
 And makes the *Slave*, grow pleas'd again.

The Answer.

Nothing adds to your fond Fire,
 More than scorn, and cold disdain,
 I to cherish your desire,
 Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain.

You

You insulted on your *Slave* ,
 Humble love you soon refus'd ,
 Hope not then a pow'r to have ,
 When ingloriously you us'd .

Think not *Thirsis* , I will e're ,
 By my love my *Empire* loose ;
 You grow constant through despair ,
 Love return'd , you wou'd abuse .
 Though you still possess my *Heart* ,
 Scorne , and rigor , I must feign .
 Ah ! forgive that only Art ,
 Love has left , your love to gain .

You that cou'd my *Heart* subdue ,
 To new *Conquests* ne're pretend ,
 Let your example make me true ,
 And of a Conquer'd *Foe* , a *Friend* :
 Then if e're I shou'd complain ,
 Of your *Empire* , or my *Chain* ,
 Summon all your pow'rful *Charmes* ,
 And sell the *Rebel* , in your *Armes* .

Song.

P*hilis*, be gentler I advise,
 Make up for time mispent,
 When *Beauty*, on its *Death-bed* lyes
 'Tis high time to repent.

Such is the *Malice* of your *Fate*,
 That makes you old so soon,
 Your pleasure ever comes too late,
 How early e're begun.

Think what a wretched thing is she,
 Whose *Stars*, contrive in spight,
 The *Morning* of her love shou'd be,
 Her fading *Beauties Night*.

Then if to make your ruin more,
 You'll peevishly be coy,
 Dye with the scandal of a *Whore*,
 And never know the joy.

Song.

What cruel pains *Corinna*, takes,
 To force that harmless frown,

E

When

When not a *Charme* her *Face*, forsakes ;
Love, cannot loose his own.

So sweet a *Face*, so soft a *Heart*,
 Such *Eyes*, so very kind,
 Betray alas ! the silly Art,
Virtue had ill design'd.

Poor feeble *Tyrant*, who in vain,
 Wou'd proudly take upon her,
 Against kind *Nature*, to maintain,
 Affected Rules of *Honor*.

The scorn she bears, so helpless proves
 When I plead passion to her,
 That much she fears, but more she loves,
 Her *Vassal* shou'd undo her.

Womans Honor.

Love, bad me hope, and I obey'd,
Philis continu'd still unkind,
 Then you may e'ne despair he said
 In vain I strive to change her *Mind*.

Honor's got in, and keeps her *Heart* ;
 Durst he but venture once abroad,
 In my own right I'd take your part,
 And shew my self the mightier *God*,

This huffing *Honour* domineers,
 In *Breast* alone, where he has place;
 But if true gen'rous *Love* appears,
 The *Hector* dare not shew his *Face*

Let me still Languish and complain,
 Be most unhumanely deny'd,
 I have some pleasure in my pain,
 She can have none with all her *Pride*.

I fall a Sacrifice to *Love*,
 She lives a *VVretch* for *Honours* fake,
 Whose *Tyrant* does most cruel prove,
 The difference is not hard to make.

Consider real *Honour* then,
 You'll find hers cannot be the same,
 'Tis Noble confidence in *Men*,
 In *WWomen*, mean mistrustful shame.

Song.

TO this moment a *Rebel* I throw down my
 Arms,
 Great *Love*, at first sight of *Olindas*, bright
 charmes,
 Made proud, and secure, by such *Forces* as these,
 You may now play the *Tyrant*, as soon as you
 please.

Let us (since *Wit* instructs us how)
 Raise Pleasure to the top,
 If *Rival Bottle*, you'll allow,
 I'll suffer *Rival Fop*.

There's not a brisk insipid *Spark*,
 That flutters in the *Town*,
 But with your wanton *Eyes* you mark,
 The *Coxcomb* for your own.

You never think it worth your care,
 How empty, nor how dull,
 The *Heads* of your admirers are,
 So that their *Cods* be full.

All this you freely may confess,
 Yet we'll not disagree ;
 For did you love your pleasure less,
 You were not fit for me.

While I my passion to pursue,
 Am whole *Nights* taking in,
 The lusty *Juice* of *Grapes*, take you
 The lusty *Juice* of *Men*.

Love and Life, a Song.

A L L my past Life is mine no more,
 The flying hours are gone ;
 Like transitory *Dreams* giv'n o're,
 Whose *Images* are kept in store,
 By *Memory* alone.

What

What ever is to come, is not,
 How can it then be mine ?
 The present *Moment's* all my *Lot*,
 And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is wolly thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
 False *Hearts*, and broken *Vows*,
 If I by *Miracle* can be,
 This live-long *Minute* true to thee,
 'Twas all that *Heav'n* allows.

The Fall, a Song.

HOW blest was the Created State,
 Of *Man*, and *Woman*, e're they fell,
 Compar'd to our unhappy *Fate* ;
 We need not fear another *Hell*.

Naked beneath cool *Shades* they lay,
 Enjoyment waited on desire.
 Each *Member* did their wills obey,
 Nor cou'd a wish, set pleasure higher.

But we poor *Slaves*, to hope and fear,
 Are never of our joys secure.
 They lessen still as they draw near.
 And none but dull delights endure.

Then

Then *Cloris*, while I duty pay,
 The *Noble Tribute* of my *Heart*.
 Be not you so severe to say,
 You love me for a frailer part.

Song.

While on those lovely looks I graze,
 To see a *Wretch* pursuing,

In *Raptures* of a blest amaze.

This pleasing happy ruin.

'Tis not for pitty, that I move,

His Fate is too aspiring,

Whose *Heart*, broke with a *Load* of love,

Dyes wishing, and admiring.

But if this *Murder* you'd forgo,

Your *Slave* from Death removing.

Let me your Art of Charming know,

Or learn you mine of Loving.

But whether Life, or Death betide,

In love, 'tis equal measure.

The *Victor* lives with empty pride,

The *Vanquish'd* dye with pleasure.

Song.

By all *Loves* soft, yet mighty *Pow'rs*.
 It is a thing unfit,
 That *Men* shou'd Fuck in time of *Flow'rs* ;
 Or when the *Smock's* beshit.

Fair nasty *Nymph*, be clean and kind,
 And all my joys restore ;
 By using Paper still behind,
 And Sponges for before,

My spotless *Flames* can ne're decay,
 If after ev'ry close,
 My smoaking *Prick* escape the *Fray*,
 Without a Bloody *Nose*.

If thou wou'dst have me true, be kind,
 And take to cleanly linnin';
 None but fresh *Lovers Pricks* can rise,
 At *Fillis* in foul linnen.

Song.

Room, room, for a *Blade* of the *Town*,
 That takes delight in Roaring,
 And daily Rambles up and down,
 And at *Night* in the Street lyes Snoaring,

That

That for the noble name of *Spark*,
Dares his *Companions* rally ;
Commits an out-rage in the dark,
Then flinks into an *Alley*.

To ev'ry *Female* that he meets ,
He swears he bares affection ,
Defies all *Laws* , *Arrests* , and *Feats* ,
By the help of a kind *Protection*.

Then he intending further wrongs :
By some resenting *Cully* ,
Is decently run through the *Lungs* ,
And there's an end of *Bully*.

Song.

Against the Charms our *Ballocks* have,
How weak all humane skill is ?
Since they can make a *Man a Slave* ,
To such a *Bitch as Phillis*.

Whom that I may describe throughout ,
Assist me *Bawdy Pow'rs* ,
I'll write upon a double *Clout* ,
And dip my *Pen in Flopp'rs* ,

Her look's demurely impudent ,
Ungainly *Beautifull* ,
Her *Modersty* is insolent ,
Her *Mirth* is pert and dull.

A *Prostitute*, to all the *Town*,
 And yet with no *Man Friends*,
 She rails, and scolds, when she lyes down,
 And curses when she spends.

Bawdy in thoughts, precise in words,
 Ill natur'd, and a *Whore*,
 Her *Belly*, is a *Bag of T-rds*,
 And her C--t, a common shore.

Song.

I Cannot change as others do
 Though you unjustly scorn
 Since that poor *Swayne* that sighs for you
 For you alone was born.
 No *Phillis*, no, your *Heart* to move,
 A surer way I'll try
 And to revenge my slighted love
 Will still love on, will still love on, and dye.

When kill'd with grief *Amyntas* lyes
 And you to mind shall call,
 The sighs that now unpitty'd rise
 The Tears that vainly fall;
 That welcome hour that ends this smart
 Will then begin your pain,
 For such a faithful tender *Heart*
 Can never break, can never break in vain.

The Mock Song.

I Swive as well as others do,
 I'm young, not yet deform'd,
 My tender Heart, sincere, and true,
 Deserves not to be scorn'd.
 Why *Phillis* then, why will you swive,
 With *Forty Lovers* more?
 Can I (said she) with *Nature* strive,
 Alas I am, alas I am a *Whore*.

Were all my Body larded o're,
 With Darts of love, so thick,
 That you might find in ev'ry Pore,
 A well-stuck standing *Prick*;
 Whilst yet my *Eyes* alone were free,
 My *Heart*, wou'd never doubt,
 In Am'rous Rage, and Extasie,
 To wish those *Eyes*, to wish those *Eyes* suckt out.

Actus Primus Scena Prima.

Enter Tarsander and Swiveanthe.

The Scene.

Bed-Chamber.

Tar. **F**Or standing *Tarses* we kind Nature
thank,
And yet adore those *Cunts* that make
em lank;

Unhappy *Mortals*! whose sublimest joy,
Preys on it self, and does it self destroy.

Swi. Do not thy *Tarse*, *Natures* best gift, despise,
That *C--t*, that made it fall, will make it rise;
Though it a while the Amorous Combat shun,
And seems from mine, into thy *Belly* run;
Yet twill return, more vig'rous, and more fierce;
Than flaming *Drunkard*, when he's dy'd in Tierce,
It but retires, as loosing *Gamesters* do,
Till they have rais'd a Stock to play a new.

Tar. What pleasure has a *Gamster*, if he knows,
When e're he plays, that he must always loose?

Swi. What *Pego* looses, 't were a pain to keep,
We say not that our Nights are lost in sleep;
What pleasures we in those soft *Wars* employ,
We do not wast, but to the full enjoy. [*ex Tarsander*]

Enter

Enter Celia.

Cel. Madam, methings those sleepy Eyes declare;
 Too lately you have eas'd a *Lovers* care;
 I fear you have with interest repaid,
 Those eager thrusts, which at your *Cunt* he made.

Swi. With force united, my soft *Heart* he storm'd,
 Like Age he doated, but like Youth perform'd.
 She that alone her *Lover* can withstand,
 Is more than *Woman*, or he less than *Man*. [*Exeunt.*]

The first Letter from B. to Mr. E.

Dreaming last *Night* on Mrs *Farley*,
 My *Prick* was up this *Morning* early;
 And I was fain without my *Gown*,
 To rise i'th cold, to get him down.
 Hard shift alas, but yet a sure,
 Although it be no pleasing cure:
 Of Old, the fair *Egyptian Slattern*,
 For *Luxury*, that had no *Pattern*,
 To fortifie her *Roman Swinger*,
 Instead of *Nutmegs*, *Mace* and *Ginger*,
 Did spice his *Bow'ls* (as *Story* tells)
 With *Warts* of *Rocks*, and *Spawn* of *Shells*.
 It had been happy for her *Grace*,
 Had I been in the *Rascalls* place.
 I who do scorn that any *Stone*,
 Shou'd raise my *Pintle*, but my own.

Had

Had laid her down on ev'ry *Couch* ,
 And spard'd her *Pearl* , and *Diamond Brouch* ,
 Until her Hot-tail'd *Majesty* ,
 Being happily reclaim'd by me ,
 From all her wild expensive ways ,
 Had worne her *Gems* on *Holy Days* .
 But since her C--- has long done itching ,
 Let us discourse of *Modern Bitching* .

I must intreat you by this Letter ,
 To enquire for *Whores* , the more the better :
 Hunger makes any man a *Glutton* ,
 If *Roberts* , *Thomas* , Mrs. *Dutton* .
 Or any other *Bawd* of note ,
 Inform of a fresh *Petticoat* .
 Enquire , I pray , with *Friendly* care ,
 Where their respective *Lodgings* are .
 Some do compare a *Man* t' a *Barque* ,
 A pretty *Metaphor* , pray mark ,
 And with a long and tedious story ,
 Will all the *Tackling* lay before ye .
 The *Sails* are *Hope* , the *Masts* desire ,
 Till they the gentlest *Reader* tire .
 But howso'ere they keep a pudder ,
 I'm sure the *Pintle* is the *Rudder* .
 The pow'rful *Rudder* , which of force ,
 To *Town* , must shortly steer my *Course* ;
 And if you do not there provide
 A *Port* , where I may safely ride .
 Landing in haste , in some foul *Creek* ,
 'Tis ten to one , I spring a *Leak* .
 Next , I must make it my request ,
 If you have any interest ;

Or can by any means discover,
 Some lamentable Rhyming *Lover*,
 Who shall in Numbers harsh and vile,
 His *Mistriss*, *Nymph*, or *Goddeſs* ſtile.
 Send all his Labours down to me,
 By the firſt opportunity.

Or any *Knights* of your round *Table*
 To other *Scriblers* formidable.
 Guilty themſelves of the ſame *Crime*,
 Drefs *Nonſenſe* up in ragged *Rhyme*,
 As once a *Week*, they ſeldome fail,
 Inſpir'd with *Love*, and *Grid-Iron Ale*.

Or any paultery *Poetry*,
 Tho from the *Univerſity*.
 Who when the *K---* and *Q----* were there,
 Did both their *Wit* and *Learning* ſpare;
 And have (I hope) endeavour'd ſince,
 To make the *World* ſome recompence.
 Such damn'd *Fuſtian*, when you meet,
 Be not too raſh, or indiſcreet;
 Tho they can find no juſt excuſes,
 To put 'em to their proper uſes;
 Tho fatal *Privy*, or the *Fire*,
 Their Nobler *Foe*, at my deſire.
 Reſtrain your nat'rall profuſeneſs,
 And ſpare 'em, though you have a looſeneſs.

Mr. E-----s Answer.

AS crafty *Harlots*, use to shrink;
 From *Letchers*, dos'd with sleep and drink
 When they intend to make up *Pack*,
 By filching *Sheets*, or *Shirt* from *Back*,
 So were you pleas'd to steal away
 From me, whilst on your *Bed* I lay:
 But long you had not been departed,
 When pincht with cold from thence I started;
 Where missing you, I stamp't and star'd,
 Like *Bacon*, when he wak'd and heard,
 His *Brazen Head*, in vain had spoke,
 And saw it lye in pieces broke,
 Sighing, I to my Chamber make,
 And ev'ry *Limb*, was stiff as *Stake*.
 Unless poor *Pego*, which did feel,
 Like slimey Skin of new stript *Eele*,
 Or *Pudding*, that mischance had got;
 And spent it self half in the *Por*,
 With care, I cleans'd the sneaking *Varlet*,
 That late had been in *Pool* of *Harlot*.
 But neither *Shirt*, nor *Water* cou'd,
 Remove the stench of *Leach'rous Mud*.
 The *Queen* of *Love* from *Sea* did spring,
 Whence the best *C--ts* still smell like *Ling*:
 But sure this damn'd notorious *Bitch*,
 Was made o'th' froth of *Jane Shores Ditch*,
 Or else her *C--t* cou'd never stink,
 Like *Pump* that's foul, or nasty *Sink*.

When

When this was done, to Bed I went,
 And the whole Day, in sleep I spent;
 But the next Morning, fresh and gay,
 As *Ciizen*, on *Holy Day*;
 I wander'd in the spacious *Town*,
 Amongst the *Bawds*, of best renown!
 To *Temple* I a visit made,
Temple! the *Beauty* of her *Trade*!
 The only *Bawd* that ever I,
 For want of *Whore* could occupy?
 She made me Friends with *Mrs. Cussey*,
 Whom we indeed had us'd too roughly;
 For by a gentler way I found,
 The *Whore*, wou'd Fuck under ten Pound.
 So resty *Fades*, which scorn to stir,
 Though oft provok'd by Switch, and spur:
 By milder usage may be got,
 To fall into their wonted Trot.

But what success I further had,
 And what discov'ries good, and bad,
 I made roving up, and down,
 I'll tell you when you come to *Town*.

Further, I have obey'd your motion;
 Though much provok'd by *Pill*, and *Potion*;
 And sent you down some pautry Rhymes,
 The greatest grievance of our times;
 When such as *Nature*, never made
 For *Poets* dayly will invade
Wits Empire, both the *Stage*, and *Press*,
 And which is worse, with good success.

*The Second Letter from B----- to
Mr. E-----*

IF I can guess the *Devil* choak me,
What horrid fury cou'd provoke thee,
To use thy railing, scurr'ous Wit,
'Gainst C--t, and Pr--k, the source of it:
For what but C--t, and Pr--k, does raise
Our thoughts to Songs, and Roundelays?
Enables us to *Annagrams*
And other Amorous flim flams?
Then we write *Plays*, and so proceed,
To *Bays*, the Poets sacred Weed
Hast no respect for God *Priapus*?
That Antient Story, shall not scape us.
Priapus, was a Roman God,
But in plain English, Pr--k, and Cod,
That pleas' their *Sisters*, *Wives*, and *Daughters*,
Guarded their *Pippins*, and *Pomwaters*,
For at the *Orchards* utmost entry,
This mighty Deity stood Centry;
Invested in a tatter'd Blanket,
To scare the *Mag-Pyes*, from their *Banquet*:
But this may serve to shew we trample,
On Rule, and Method, by example.
Of *Modern Authors*, who do shap at all,
Will talk of *Cesar*, in the *Capitol*,
Of *Cimbrins*, Beams, and *Sols*, bright Ray,
Known *Foe*, to *Butter-milk*, and *Whey*,
Which softens *Wax*, and hardens *Clay*.

All this without the least connexion,
Which to say truth's enough to vex one;
But farewell all *Poetique* dizzinifs,
And now to come unto the business.

Tell the bright *Nymph*, how sad, and pensively
E're since we us'd her so offensively,
In dismal shades, with *Armes* a cross,
I sit lamenting of my loss;
To *Eccho*, I her Name commend,
Who has it now at her *Tongues* end,
And *Parrot-like*, repeats the same,
For shou'd you talk of *Tamberlyn*,
Cuffley! she cries at the same time,
Though the last *Accents* do not *Rhyme*:
Far more than *Eccho*, e're did yet,
For *Phillis*, or bright *Amoret*.

With *Pen-knife* keen, of mod'rate size,
As bright and piercing as her *Eyes*;
A glitt'ring *Weapon*, which wou'd scorne,
To pair a *Nail*, or cut a *Corn*;
Upon the *Trees*, of smoothest *Bark*,
I carve her Name, or else her mark,
Which commonly's a bleeding *Heart*,
A weeping *Eye*, or flaming *Dart*.

Here on a *Beech*, like Am'rous *Sor*,
Sometimes carve a True-loves *Knot*;
There a tall *Oake*, her name does bear,
In a large spreading *Charaëter*.
I chose the fairest, and the best
Of all the *Grove*, among the rest.

I carv'd it on a *Lofty Pine*,
Which who wept a pint of *Turpentine*;

Such was the terror of her *Name* ;
 By the report of evil Fame
 Who tir'd with immoderate flight ,
 Had lodg'd upon its Boughs all Night.
 The wary *Tree* , who fear'd a *Clap* ,
 And knew the vertue of his *Sap* ,
 Dropt *Balsom* into ev'ry *Wound* ,
 And in an hours time was found.
 But you are unacquanted yet ,
 With half the pow'r of *Amoret* ,
 For the can drink , as well as swive ,
 Her growing *Empire* , still must thrive ,
 Our *Hearts* weak *Forts* , we must resign ,
 When *Beauty* does it's forces joyn
 With *Mans* strong *Enemy* , good *Wine* :
 This I was told by my *Lord O B----* ,
 A Man whose word , I much relie on ,
 He kept touch , and came down hither ,
 When thou wert scar'd with the foul *Weather* :
 But if thou wou'dst forgiven be ,
 Say that a *Cunt* detained thee.
Cunt! whose strong *Charmes* , the *World* bewitches ,
 The joy of *Kings* ! the *Beggars* *Riches* !
 The *Courtiers* , business , *States-mans* leisure !
 The tyr'd *Tinkers* , ease , and pleasure !
 Of which alas I've leave to prate ,
 But oh the rigor of my Fate !
 For want of bouncing *Bona Roba* !
Lasciva est nobis pagina vita proba.
 For that Rhyme , I was fain to fumble ,
 When *Pegasus* , begins to stumble ,
 'Tis time to rest , your very humble.

Mr. E--s. Answer.

SO soft , and Am'roully you write ,
 Of *Cunt* , and *Pr--k* , the *Cunts* delight ;
 That were I still in *Lanthorn* sweating ,
 Swallowing of *Bolus* , or a spitting ,
 I shou'd forget each injury ,
 The Pockey *Whores* , have offer'd me ,
 And only of my Fate complain ,
 Because I must from *C--t* abstain.
 The pow'rfull *Cunt* ! Whose very name ?
 Kindles in me an amorous flame !
 Begins to make my *Pintle* rise ,
 And long again to fight *Loves Prize* !
 Forgetful of those many Scarrs ,
 He was received in those *Wars*.
 This shews *Loves* chieftest *Magick* lyes ,
 In *Womens C--ts* , not in their Eyes ,
 There *Cupid* , does his *Revells* keep ,
 There *Lovers* , all their sorrows steep ,
 For having once but tasted that ,
 Our myseries are quite forgot.
 This may suffice to let you know ,
 That I to *C--t* , am not a *Foe* ,
 Though you are pleas'd to think me so :
 'Tis strange his Zeal shou'd be in suspicion.
 Who dyes a *Martyr* , for's *Religion*.

But now to give you an account
 Of *Cuffley* , that *Whore Paramount* !

Cuffley! whose *Beauty* warmes the *Age*,
 And fills our *Youth*, with *Love*, and *Rage*,
 Who like fierce *Wolves*, pursue the *Game*,
 While secretly the *Lech'rous Dame*,
 With some choice *Gallant*, takes her flight,
 And in a *Corner* Fucks all *Night*.
 Then the next *Morning*, we all hunt,
 To find whose *Fingers*, smell of *Cunt*.
 With jealousy, and *Envy* mov'd,
 Against the *Man* that was belov'd.
 Whilst you within some *Neighb'ring Grove*,
 Indite the *Story* of your love,
 And with your *Pen-knife*, keen, and bright,
 On stately *Trees*, your passion write,
 So that each *Nymph* that passes through,
 Must envy her, and pity you;
 We at the *Fleece*, or at the *Bear*,
 With good *Cafe-knife*, well whet on *Stair*;
 A gentle *Weapon*, made to feed
Mankind, and not to make 'em bleed;
 A thousand am'rous fancies scrape,
 There's not a *Pewter-dish*, can scape,
 Without her name, or *Armes*, which are,
 The same that *Love*, himself, does bear.

Here one to shew you *Love's* no *Glutton*,
 I'th midst of *Supper*, leaves his *Mutton*,
 And on a greasie *Plate*, with care,
 Carves the bright *Image* of the *Fair*.

Another, though a drunken *Sot*,
 Neglects his *Wine*, and on the *Pot*,
 A band of naked *Cupids* draws,
 With *Pr--ks*, no bigger than *Wheat Straws*.

Then

Then on a nasty *Candlestick*,
 One figures *Loves Hieroglyphick*,
 A *Couchant Cunt*, and *Rampant Prick*,
 And that the sight may more inflame,
 The lookers on, subscribe her name,
Cuffley! her *Sexes* Pride, and shame.
 There's not a *Man* but does discover.
 By some such Action he's her *Lover*,
 But now 'tis time to give her over,
 And let your *Lordship*, know, you are
 The *Mistress*, that employs our care;
 Your absence makes us *Melancholly*,
 Nor drink, nor *C--t*, can make us jolly;
 Unless wa've you within our Arms,
 In whom there dwells diviner Charms!
 Then quit with speed the pensive *Grove*,
 And here in *Town*, pursue your love;
 Whereat your coming, you shall find,
 Your *Servants* glad, your *Mistress* kind,
 And all things devoted to your *Mind*.

With your very Hum-
 ble Servant.

On Mr. E----- H----- upon his
B----- P-----

Come on ye *Criticks* ! find one fault who dare ,
For read it backward , like a *Witches*
Pray'r.

'Twill do as well ; throw not away your jeasts ,
On solid *Nonsense* , that abides all *Tests*.
Wit , like *Tierce Clarret* , when't begins to pall ,
Neglected lyes , and's of no use at all ;
But in its full perfection of decay ,
Turns *Vinegar* , and comes again in play.
This *Simile* , shall stand in thy defence ,
'Gainst such dull *Rogues* , as now and then write
sense.

He lyes dear *Ned* , who says thy *Brain* , is barren ,
Where deep conceits , like *Vermin* , breed in *Carrin* ;
Thou hast a *Brain* , such as thou hast indeed ,
On what else , shou'd thy *Worm* of *Fancy* feed ?
Yet in a *Philbert* , I have often known ,
Maggots , survive , when all the *Kerrell's* gone.
Thy *Stile's* the same , what ever be the *Theame* ,
As some digestions , turn all *Meat* to *Phlegm*.
Thy stumbling *Founder'd Fade* , can Trot as high ,
As any other *Pegasus* , can fly.
As skillful *Dyvers* , to the bottom fall ,
Sooner than those , that cannot swim at all ;
So in this way of writing , without thinking ,
Thou hast a strange *Alacrity* , in sinking.

Thou

Thou writ'st below, even thy own nat'ral parts,
 And with acquir'd dullness, and new Arts,
 Of study'd *Non-sense*, tak'st kind *Readers* hearts,
 So the dull *Eele*, moves nimbler in the *Mud*,
 Than all the swift *Finn'd Racers*, of the Flood.
 Therefore dear *Ned*, at my advice forbear,
 Such loud complaints 'gainst *Criticks* to prefer,
 Since thou art turn'd an Arrant *Libeller*:
 Thou sett'st thy Name, to what thy self does write,
 Did ever *Libell*, yet so sharply bite?

*On the same Author upon
 his B-----P-----*

AS when a *Bully*, draws his Sword,
 Though no *Man* gives him a cross word;
 And all persuasions are in vain,
 To make him put it up again;
 Each *Man* draws too and falls upon him,
 To take the wicked *Weapon* from him:
 Ev'n so dear *Ned*, thy drsp'rate Pen,
 No less disturbs all witty *Men*:
 And makes 'em wonder what a *Devil*,
 Provokes thee to be so uncivil;
 When thou and all thy *Friends* must know 'em,
 Thou yet wilt dare to Print thy *Poem*.
 That poor *Currs* fate, and thine are one,
 Who has his *Tail* pegg'd in a *Bone*;

About he runs, no body, ll own him.
Men, Boys, and Dogs, are all upon him.
 And first the greater *Wits*, were at thee,
 Now ev'ry little *Fool*, will pat thee.
Fellows, that ne're were heard, or read of,
 (If thou writ'st on) will write thy head off.
 Thus *Mastives*, only, have the knack,
 To cast the *Bear*, upon his *Back*;
 But when th' unwildy *Beast*, is thrown,
Murgrills, will serve to keep him down.

On the same Author upon his
 New Ut-----

THOU damn'd *Antipodes* to common sense,
 Thou *Foyle* to *Fluence*! prethee tell from
 whence,
 Does all this mighty *Rock* of dullness spring,
 Which in such *Loads* thou to the *Stage* dost bring?
 Is't all thy own? or hast thou from *Snow-hill*,
 Th' assurance of some *Ballad* making *Quill*?
 No, they fly higher yet; thy *Plays* are such,
 I'd swear they were translated out of *Dutch*:
 And who the Devil, was e're yetso drunk,
 To read the *Volumes* of *Myn-Heer-Van Dunk*?
 Fain wou'd I know what Dyet thou dost keep,
 If thou dost always, or cōw never sleep?
 Sure *Hasty Pudding*, is thy chiefeft *Dish*,
 With *Lights*, and *Livers*, and with stinking *Fish*.
 Ox-

Ox-cheek Tripe, Garbage, thou dost treat thy Brain
Which nobly pays this *Tribute* back again.

With *Dazy Roots*, thy dwarfish *Muse* is fed,
A *Gyants* Body, with a *Pigmyes* Head.

Canst thou not find 'mongst thy num'rous *Race*,
One *Friend*, so kind, to tell thee that thy *Play's*;

Laught at by *Box*, *Pit*, *Gallery*, nay *Stage*,
And grown the naus'ous grievance of this Age !

Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find,
Thy *Body* made for labour, not thy *Mind*.

Nor other use of *Paper*, thou shou'dst make,
But carry *Loads* of *Rhymes*, upon thy *Back* ;

Carry vast *Burthens* till thy Shoulders shrink,

But curst be he, that giues thee *Pen*, and *Ink* ,

Those dang'rous *Weapons*, shou'd be kep from
Fools,

As *Nurse* from their *Children*, keep *Edge-tools*.

For thy dull *Muse*, a *Muckender* were fit,

To wipe the slav'rings of her Infant Wit:

Which though 'tis late (if *Justice* cou'd be found.

Shou'd like blind, new born *Puppy's*, yet be drown'd)

For were it not we must respect afford,

To any *Muse*, that's *Grand-chil* , to a *Lord* ;

Thine, in the *Ducking-stool*, shou'd take her Seat,

Drencht like her self, in a great Chair of *State*,

Where like a *Muse*, of *Quality*, she'll dye,

And thou thy self, shalt make her *Elegy*,

In the same Strain, thou writ'st thy *Comedy*.

The Disappointment.

1.

O Ne Day the Am'rous *Lisander*,
 By an impatient passion sway'd,
 Surpriz'd Fair *Cloris*, that lov'd *Maid*,
 Who cou'd defend her self no longer ;
 All things did with his love conspire,
 The guilded *Planet* of the *Day*,
 In his gay *Charriot*, drawn by *Fire*,
 Was now descending to the *Sea*,
 And left no light to guide the *World*,
 But what from *Cloris* brighter Eyes was hurl'd

2.

In a lone *Ticket*, made for love,
 Silent, as yeelding *Maids* consent,
 She with a charming languishment,
 Permits his force ; yet gently strove ;
 Her hands, his Bosome, softly meet,
 But not to put him back design'd,
 Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
 Whilst the lay trembling at her *Fect* ;
 Resistance, 'tis too late to shew,
 She wants the pow'r to say--Ah ! what d'you do ?

3.

Her bright *Eyes* sweet, and yet severe,
 Wher *Love*, and shame, confus'dly strive,

Fresh

Fresh vigor, to *Lisander* give ;
 And whisp'ring softly in his *Ear*,
 She cry'd---cease---cease---your vain desire,
 Or I'll call out what wou'd you doe ?
 My dearer Honor, ev'n to you,
 I cannot--must not give--retire,
 Or take that life, whose chiefest part,
 I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.

4

But he, as much unus'd to fear,
 As he was capable of *Love*,
 The blessed *Minutes* to improve,
 Kisses her *Lips*, her *Neck*, her *Hair* !
 Each touch ! her new desires Allarmes !
 His burning trembling hand he prest,
 Upon her melting *Snowy Breast*,
 While he lay panting in his *Armes* !
 All her ungarded *Beauties* lye,
 The spoiles, and *Trophies*, of the *Enemy*.

4

And now without respect, or fear,
 He seeks the *Object* of his *Vows*.
 His love no modesty allows.
 By swift degrees, advancing where.
 His daring *Hand* that *Altar* seiz'd,
 Where *Gods* of *Love*, do Sacrifice !
 That awful *Throne* ! that *Paradice* !
 Where *Rage* is tam'd, and *Anger* pleas'd ?
 That living *Fountain*, from whose *Trills*,
 The melted *Soul*, in liquid drops distils !

Her

6.

Her *Balmey Lips*, encountring his,
 Their *Bodies*, as their *Souls* they joyn'd,
 Where both in transports unconfin'd,
 Extend themselves upon the *Moss* !
Cloris, half dead, and breathless lay,
 Her *Eyes* appear'd like *Humid* light,
 Such as divides the *Day*, and *Night*,
 Or falling *Stars*, whose *Fires* decay ;
 And now no signs of life she shows,
 But what in short-breath'd sighs, returns and goes.

7.

He saw how at her length she lay,
 He saw her rising *Bosome* bare ;
 Her loose thine *Robes*, through which appear,
 A shape design'd, for love, and play
 Abandon'd by her *Pride*, and shame :
 She does her softest sweets dispence,
 Off'ring her *Virgin*, innocence,
 A *Victim*, to *Loves* sacred flame.
 Whilst th' o're ravish'd *Shepherd*, lyes,
 Unable to perform the *Sacrifice*.

8

Ready to tast a *Thousand* joys,
 The too transported hapless *Swayne*,
 Found the vast pleasure, tur'd to rain :
 Pleasure ! which too much love destroys !
 The willing Garment by he laid,
 And *Heav'n* all open to his view.

Mad to possess, himself he threw,
 On the defenceless lovely *Maid*!
 But oh ! what envious *Gods* conspire !
 To snatch his pow'r, yet leave him the desire !

9.

Natures support, without whose Aid,
 She can no humane being give;
 It self now wants the *Art* to live;
 Faintness, its slacken'd *Nerves* invade,
 In vain th' enraged *Youth* assay'd,
 To call his fleeting *Vigor* back;
 No motion, 'twill from motion take,
 Excess of love, his love betray'd,
 In vain he toyles, in vain commands.
 Th' *Insensible*, fell weeping in his *Hands*.

10.

In this so Am'rous cruel strife,
 Where *Love*, and *Fate*, were too severe.
 The poor *Lisander*, in despair,
 Renounc'd his *Reason*, with his life.
 Now all the brisk, and *Active* fire,
 That shou'd the nobler part in flame,
 And left no spark for new desire;
 Not all her naked *Charmes* cou'd move,
 Our calme that *Rage*, that had debauch'd his love.

11.

Cloris, returning from the *Trance*,
 Which love and soft desire, had bred,

Her

Her tim'rous hand, she gently laid,
 Or guided by design, or chance
 Upon that *Fabulous Priapus*,
 That *Potent God* (as *Poets* feign)
 But never did young *Shepherdess*,
 (Gath'ring of *Fern*, upon the *Plain*)
 More nimbly draw her *Fingers* back,
 Finding beneath the *Verdant Leaves* a *Snake* ;

12.

Then *Cloris*, her fair hand withdrew,
 Finding that *God*, of her desires,
Lisarm'd of all his pow'rful *Fires* ;
 And cold as *Flow'rs* bath'd in the *Morning Dew* ;
 Who can the *Nymphs* confusion guess ?
 The blood forsook the kinder place,
 And strew'd with blushes all her *Face*,
 Which both disdain, and shame express ;
 And from *Lisanders*, *Armes* she fled,
 Leaving him fainting, on the gloomy *Bed*.

13.

Like *Lightning*, through the *Grove*, she hies,
 Or *Daphne*, from the *Delphick God* ;
 No print upon the *Grassy Road*,
 She leaves, t'instruct pursuing *Eyes* ;
 The *Wind*, that wanton'd in her *Hair*,
 And with her ruffled *Garments* plaid,
 Discover'd in the flying *Maid* ;
 All that the *Gods* e're made of *Fair*,
 So *Venus*, when her *Love*, was slain,
 With fear, and hast, flew o're the *Fatal Plain*.

The

14.

The *Nymphs* resentments, none but I,
 Can well imagine, and Condole ;
 But none can guess *Lisanders*, Soul,
 But those who sway'd his *Destiny* :
 His silent griefs, swell up to *Storms*,
 And not one *God*, his fury spares,
 He curst his *Berth*, his *Fate*, his *Stars*,
 But more the *Sheherdeses* Charms ;
 Whose soft bewitching influence,
 Had damn'd him to the *Hell*, of *Impotence*.

On a Giniper Tree now cut down
 to make *Busks*.

VW Hilst happy I triumphant stood,
 The pride and glory of the *Wood*,
 My *Aromatick Boughs*, and *Fruit*,
 Did with all other *Trees* dispute ;
 Had right by *Nature*, to excell,
 In pleasing both the *Tast*, and *smell*.
 But to the touch, I must confess,
 Bore an unwilling fullness :
 My *Velth*, like bashful *Vergins*, I,
 Yeelding with some reluctance ;
 For which my value shou'd be more,
 Not giving easily my store.

My *Verdent Branches*, all the year,
 Did an *Eternal Beauty* were,
 Did ever young, and gay appear,
 Nor needed any *Tribute* pay,
 For *Bounties* from the *God of Day*.
 Nor do I hold *Supremacy*,
 In all the *Wood*, or'e ev' *Tree*,
 But ev'n those to of my own *Race*,
 That grew not in this happy place;
 But that in which I glory most,
 And do my self with reason boast,
 Beneath my shade the other *Day*,
 Young *Philocles*, and *Cloris*, lay
 Upon my *Root*, he plac'd her *Head*,
 And where I grew, he made her *Bed*;
 There trembling *Limbs*, did gently press,
 The kind supporting, yeelding *Moss*;
 Ne're half so blest, as now to bear,
 A *Swayne*, so young, a *Nymph*, so fair.
 My grateful *Shade*, I kindly lent
 And ev'ry aiding *Bough* I bent,
 So low, as somtimes had the *Bliss*,
 To rob the *Shepherd* of a *Kiss*.
 Whilst he in pleasures far above!
 The sense of that degree of love!
 Permitted ev'ry steth I made,
 Unjealous of his *Rival* shade.
 I saw 'em kindle to desire!
 Whilst with soft sighs, they blew the *Fire*!
 Saw the approaches of their joy,
 He growing more fierce, and she less coy!

Saw how they mingled melting *Rays* !
 Exchanging love a Thousand ways !
 Kind was the force on ev'ry side.
 Her new desires, she cou'd not siide,
 Nor wou'd the *Shepherd* be deny'd !
 Impatient, he waits no consent,
 But what she gave by languishment.
 The blessed *Minute* he persu'd,
 Whilst *Love*, her fere, and shame subdu'd
 And now transported in his Armes,
 Yieelds to to the *Conqueror*, all her *Charmes* !
 His panting *Breſt*, to hers now joyn'd,
 They feast on *Raptures*, unconfin'd !
 Vaſt and luxuriant, ſuch as prove,
 The immortality of love !
 For who but a *Divinity* !
 Cou'd mingle *Souls* to that degree,
 And melt 'em into *Extasie* !
 Where like the *Pœnix* both expire,
 Whilst from the *Aſhes* of their *Fire*,
 Sprung up a *New*, and ſoft deſire,
 Like *Charmers*, Thrice thay did invoke
 The *God*, and Thrice new vigor took
 And had the *Nymph*, been half ſo kind,
 As was the *Shepherd*, well inclin'd ;
 The Myſt'ry had not ended thear ;
 But *Cloris*, reallum'd her fear,
 And chid the *Swayne*, for having preſt,
 What ſhee (alas) cou'd not reſiſt :
 Whilst he, in whome *Loves* ſacred flame,
 Before, and after was the ſame,

Humbly implares she wou'd forget
 That fault, which he wou'd yet repeat,
 From active joyes with shame they hast,
 To a reflection on the past ;
 A Thousand times the *Covert* blses,
 That did secure their happyness ;
 Their gratitude, to ev'ry *Tree*
 They pay, most to happy me !
 The *Shepherdes*, my *Bark* carrest ,
 Whilst he my *Root* (*Loves Pillow*) kist,
 And did with sighs their *Fate* deplore,
 Since I must shelter 'em no more.
 And if before, my joyes were such,
 In having seen, and herd so much ;
 My griefs, must be as great, and high,
 When all abandon'd I must lye,
 Doom'd to a silent *Destiny* :
 No more the Am'rous strife to hear,
 The *Shepherds*, Vows, the *Virgins* fear ;
 No more a joyful looker on,
 Whilst *Loves* soft *Battl's* lost and won.
 With grief I bou'd my murm'ring *Head*,
 And all my *Christal Dew*, I shed,
 Which did in *Cloris* pity move ;
Cloris whose *Soul* is made of love.
 She cut me down, and did translate,
 My being to a happier State :
 No *Martyr*, for *Religion* dy'd,
 With half that unconfid'ring pride ;
 My Top was, on the *Alter* laid,
 Where *Love*, his softest *Off'rings* paid,

Fixt as a *Martyr*, where he *Friendship* paid,
 And gen'rous as a *God* !
 Distributing his *Bounties* all abroad,
 And soft, and gentle, as a *Love-sick Maid*.

Great *Master*, of the Noble *Mystery*,
 That ever happy knowledge dld inspire ;
 Sacred as that of *Poetry* !
 And which, the wond'ring *World*, does equally
 admire !

Great *Natures* works we do contemn,
 When on his glorious *Births*, we meditate,
 The *Face*, and *Eyes*, more *Darts* reciv'd from him,
 Then all the *Charmes* she can create :
 The difference is, his *Beauties* do beget,
 In the Enam'rd *Soul*, a vertuous heat,
 Whilst *Natures* grosser pieces move,
 In the course *Road*, of common love.
 So bold, yet soft, his touches were.

So round each part, so sweet, and fair,
 That as his *Pencil* mov'd Men thought it prest,
 The lively imitated *Breast*,
 Which yields like *Clouds*, where little *Angels* rest !
 The *Limbs* all easie, as his temper was,
 Strong at his *Mind* and *Manly* too ;
 Large as his *Soul*, his fancy was, and new ;
 And from himself he copy'd ev'ry grace,
 For he had all that cou'd adorn a *Face*,
 All that cou'd either *Sex*, subdue.

Each excellence he had, that *Youth* has in its pride,
 And all experienc'd *Age*, can teach ;

At once the vig'rous *Fire* of this,
 And ev'ry *Virtue*, which that can express,
 In all the height that both cou'd reach !
 And yet (alas) in this perfection dy'd !
 Dropt like a Blossom, with a *Northern* blast,
 When all the scatter'd *Leaves*, abroad are cast,
 As quick ! as If his *Fate*, had been in hast !

So have I seen an unfixt *Star*,
 Out-shine the rest of all the num'rous *Train*
 (As bright as that which guides the *Marriner*)

Dart swiftly from its darkn'd Sphear,
 And ne're shall light the *World* again !
 Oh why shou'd so much knowledge dye !

Or with his last kind Breath,
 Why cou'd he not to some one *Friend*, bequeath
 The mighty *Legacy*

But 'twas a knoledge giv'n to him alone,
 That his Eterniz'd name might be,
 Admir'd to all *Posterity*,

By all to whom his grateful name was known !
 Come all ye softer *Beauties*, come !

Bring *Wreths* of *Flow'rs*, to deck his *Tomb*,
 Mixt with the dismal *Cypress*, and the *Tew*,
 For he still gave your *Charmes* their due ;

And from the injuries of *Age*, and *Time*,
 Scur'd the sweetness of your prime,
 And best knew how t' adore that sweetness too !

Bring all your mornful *Tributes* here,
 And let your *Eyes*, a silent sorrow wear,
 Till ev'ry *Virgin*, for a while become,
 Sad as his *Fate*, and like his *Pictures* dumb.

*To all curious Criticks and Ad-
mirers of Meeter.*

HAVE you seen the rageing Stormy *Main*
Tofs a *Ship* up, then cast her down again ?
Sometimes she seems to touch the very *Skies*.
And then again upon the *Sand* she lyes.
Or have you seen a *Bull*, when he is jealous,
How he does tear the ground, and Rores and Bel-
lows ?

Or have you seen the pretty *Turtle Dove*,
When she laments the absence of her love !
Or have you seen the *Fairyes*, when they sing,
And dance with mirth together in a *Ring* ?
Or have you seen our *Gallants*, keep a pudder,
With *Fair* and *Grace*, and *Grace*, and *Fair Anstrud-*
der ?

Or have you seen the *Daughter* of *Apollo*,
Pow'r down their rhyming *Liquors* in a hollow
Cane ?

In-spungy *Brain*, congealing into *Verse* ;
If you have seen all this, then kiss mine *A-se*.

Satyr.

A. **W**Hat *Timon* does old Age begin t' approach

That thus thou droop'ft under a nights
debauch ?

Hast thou lost deep to needy *Rogues* on Tick
Who ne're cou'd pay, and must be paid next *Week*?

Tim. Neither alas, but a dull dining *Sot* ;
Seiz'd me ith' *Mall*, who just my name had got ;
He runs upon me, cries dear *Rogue* I'm thine,
With me some *Wits*, of thy acquaintance dine.
I tell him I'm engag'd but as a *Whore*,
With modesty enslaves her *Spark*, the more.
The longer I deny'd, the more he prest,
At last I e'ne consent to be his *Guest*.
He takes me in his *Coach*, and as we go ;
Pulls out a *Libil*, of a Sheet, or two ;
Insipid, as, *The praise of pious Queens*,
Or *S-----*, unassisted former *Scenes* ;
Which he admir'd, and prais'd at ev'ry *Line*,
At last it was so sharp, it must be mine.
I vow'd I was no more a *Wit*, then he,
Unpractic'd, and unblest in *Poetry* :
A *Song* to *Phillis*, I perhaps might make,
But never Rhym'd, but for my *Pintles* sake :
I envy'd no *Mans* fortune, nor his fame,
Nor ever thought of a revenge so tame.
He knew my *Scile*, he swore, and 'twas in vain,
Thus to deny the Issue of my *Brain*.

Choak'd

Choak'd with his flatt'ry, I no answer make,
 But silent leave him to his dear mistake.
 Of a well meaning *Fool*, I'm most afraid,
 Who sillily repeats, what was well said.
 But this was not the worst, when he came home,
 He askt are *Sidley*, *Buchurst*, *Savil*, come?
 No, but there were above *Halfwit* and *Huffe*,
Kickum, and *Dingboy*. Oh 'tis well enough,
 They're all brave *Fellows* cryes mine *Host*, let's
 Dine,

I long to have my *Belly* full of *VVine*,
 They'll write, and fight I dare assure you,
 They're Men, *Tam Marte quam Mercurio*.
 I saw my error, but 'twas now too late,
 No means, nor hopes, appears of a retreat.
 Well we salute, and each *Man* takes his Seat.
Boy (says my *Sot*) is my *Wife* ready yet!
 A *Wife* good *Gods* ! a *Fop* and *Bullys* too!
 For one poor *Meale*, what must I undergo?
 In comes my *Lady* strait, she had bin *Fair*.
 Fit to give love, and to prevent despair,
 But *Age Beauties* incurable Disease,
 Had left her more desire, then pow'r to please.
 As *Cocks*, will strike, although their *Spurrs* be gone.
 She with her old bleer *Eyes* to smight begun:
 Though nothing else, she (in despite of time)
 Preserv'd the affectation of her prime;
 How ever you begun, she brought in love,
 And hardly from that Subject wou'd remove.
 We chanc'd to speak of the *French Kings*, success;
 My *Lady* wondr'd much how *Heav'n* cou'd bless,

A *Man*, that lov'd Two *Women* at one time ;
 But more how he to them excus'd his Crime.
 She askt *Huffe*, if *Loves* flame he never felt ?
 He answer'd bluntly--do you think I'm gelt ?
 She at his plainness smil'd, then turn'd to me,
Love in young *Minds*, proceeds ev'n *Poetry*.
 You to that passion can no *Stranger* be,
 But *Wits*, are giv'n to inconstancy.
 She had run on I think till now, but *Meat*
 Came up, and suddenly she took her seat.
 I thought the *Dinner* wou'd make some amends,
 When my good *Host* crys out, y'are all my *Friends*,
Our own plain Fare, and the best Terse the Bull
Affords, I'll give you and your Bellies full :
As for French Kickhaws, Cellery, and Champoon
Ragous and Fricasses, in troath we've none.
 Here's a good *Dinner* towards thought I, when
 strait

Up comes a piece of *Beef*, full *Horsmans* weight ;
 Hard as the *Arse* of *M---*, under which,
 The *Coachman* sweats, as wridden by a *Witch*.
 A Dish of *Carrets*, each of 'em as long,
 As *Tool*, that too fair *Countess*, did belong ;
 Which her small *Pillow*, cou'd not so well hide,
 But *Visitors*, his flaming Head espy'd.
Pig, Goose, and Capon, follow'd in the *Rear*,
 With all that *Country Bumpkins*, call good *Cheer* :
 Serv'd up with *Sauces* all of *Eighty, Eight*,
 When our tough *Youth*, wrestled, and threw the
 Weight.

And now the *Bottle*, briskly flies about,
 Instead of *Ice*, wrapt in a wet *Clowt*.

A Brimmer follows the third bit we eat ;
 Small Bear, becomes our drink, and Wine, our Meat
 The *Table* was so large , that in less space ,
 A Man might save , six old *Italians* place :
 Each Man had as much room , as *Porter B---* ,
 Or *Harrie* , had , in *Cullens* , *Bushel C---t.*
 And now the *Wine* began to work , mine *Host*
 Had been a *Collonel* we must hear him boast
 Not of *Towns* won , but an *Estate* he lost
 For the *Kings* Service ; which indeed he spent
 Whoring , and Drinking , but with good intent
 He talkt much of a Plot , and *Money* lent
 In *Cromwells* time. My *Lady* she
 Complain'd our love was coarse , our *Poetry* ,
 Unfit for modest *Eares* , small *Whores* , and *Play'rs.*
 Were of our Hair-brain'd *Youth* , the only cares ;
 Who were too wild for any virtuous *League* ,
 Too rotten to consummate the Intrigue.
Falkland , she prais'd , and *Sucklings* , easie Pen ,
 And seem'd to taste their former parts again.
 Mine *Host* , drinks to the best in *Christendom* ,
 And decently my *Lady* , quits the *Room.*
 Left to our selves , of several things we prate ,
 Some regulate the *Stage* , and some the *State* ,
Halfwit , cries up my Lord of O----- ,
 Ah how well *Mustapha* , and *Zanger* dye !
 His sense so little forc'd , that by one *Line* ,
 You may the other easily divine.

*And which is worse , if any worse can be ,
 He never said one word of it to me.*

There's fine *Poetry* ! you'd swear 'twere *Prose* ,
 So little on the Sense , the Rhymes impose.

Damn

Damn me (says *Dingboy*) in my mind *Gods-swords*
E-----, writes *Airy Songs*, and soft *Lampoons*,
 The best of any *Man*; as for your *Nouns*,
Grammar, and Rules of Art, he knows 'em not,
 Yet writ two talking *Plays*, without one *Plot*.

H---, was for *S----*, and *Morocco*, prais'd,
 Said rumbling words, like Drums, his courage
 rais'd.

Whose broad-built-bulks, the boyst'rous Billows, bear,
Zaphee and Sally, Magadore, Oran,
The fam'd Arzile, Alcazer, Tituan.

Was ever braver Language writ by *Man*?

Kickum for *Crown* declar'd, said in *Romance*,
 He had out done the very *Wits*, of *France*.
 Witness *Pandion*, and his *Charles the Eight*;
 Where a young *Monarch*, careless of his Fate,
 Though *Forreign Troops*, and *Rebels*, shock his
 State,

Complains another sight afflicts him more.

(*Videl.*) The *Queens Gallies* rowing from the *Shore*,
Fitting their Oars and Tackling to be gon
Whilst sporting Waves smil'd on the rising Sun.

Waves smiling on the *Sun*! I am sure that's new,
 And 't was well thought on, give the *Devil* his due.

Mine *Host*, who had said nothing in an hour.
 Rose up, and prais'd the *Indian Emperor*.

As if our old World, modestly withdrew,

And here in private had brought forth a New.

There are two *Lines*! who but he durst presume
 To make the old *World*, a new withdrawing Room,
 Where of another *World* she's brought to Bed!
 What a brave *Midwife* is a *Lawreats* head!

But

But pox of all these *Scriblers*, what do'e think.
 Will *Souches* this year any *Champeon* drink ?
 Will *Turere* fight him? without doubt says *Huffe*,
 If they two meet, their meeting will be rough.
 Damn me (says *Dingboy*) the *French*, *Cowards* are,
 They pay, but the *English*, *Scots*, and *Swiss* make *War*:
 In gawdy *Troops*, at a review they shine,
 But dare not with the *Germans*, *Battel* joyn;
 What now appears like courage, is not so,
 'Tis a short pride, which from success does grow;
 On their first blow, they'll shrink into those fears,
 They shew'd at *Cressy*, *Agincourt*, *Poytiers*;
 Their loss was infamous, *Honor* so stain'd,
 Is by a *Nation* not to be regain'd. (brave,
 What they were then I know not, now th'are
 He that denyes it-lyes and is a *Slave*,
 (Says *Huffe* and frown'd) says *Dingboy*, that do I,
 And at that word, at t'others *Head* let fly
 A greasie *Plate*, when suddenly they all,
 Together by the Eares in Parties fall.
Halfwit, with *Dingboy* joynes, *Kickum* with *Huffe*,
 Their Swords were safe, and so we let 'em cuff
 Till they mine *Host*, and I, had all enough.
 Their rage once over, they begin to treat,
 And six fresh *Bottles*, must the peace compleat.
 I ran down stairs, with a Vow never more
 To drink Bear Glass, and hear the *Hectors* roar.

A Session of the Poets.

Since the *Sons* of the *Muses*, grew mum'rous,
and loud,
For th'appeasing so factious, and clam'rous
a Crowd;

Apollo, thought fit in so weighty a cause,
T' Establish a Government, *Leader*, and *Laws*.
The hopes of the *Bays*, at this summoning call,
Had drawn em together, the *Devil* and all;
All thronging and listning, they gap'd for the
Blessing,
No *Presbyter Sermon*, had more crowding, and
pressing.

In the *Head* of the *Gang J---D---*, appear'd,
That Antient grave *Wit*, so long lov'd, and fear'd,
But *Apollo*, had heard a Story 'ith' *Town*,
Of his quitting the *Muses*, to wear the black *Gown*,
And so gave him leave now his *Poerrys* done,
To let him turn *Priest*, now *R---*, is turn'd *Nun*.

This Reverend *Author* was no sooner set by,
But *Apollo*, had got gentle *George* in his Eye,
And frankly confest, of all Men that writ, (*Wit*.
Ther's none had more fancy, sense Judgment, and
But 'th' crying Sin, idleness, he was so harden'd,
That his long Seav'n years silence, was not to be
pardon'd

Brawny *W-----*, was the next Man shew'd his
Face,

But *Apollo*, e'ne thought him too good for the Place;
No

NO *Gentleman Writer*, that office shou'd bear
 'Twas a *Trader in Wit*, the *Lawrel* shou'd wear.
 As none but a *Cut*, e're makes a *Lord Major*.

Next into the Crowd, *Tom S---*, does wallow,
 And Swears by his *Guns*, his *Paunch*, and his *Tallow*,
 'Tis he, that alone best pleases the Age,
 Himself, and his *Wife* have supported the *Stage*.
Apollo, well pleas'd with so bonny a *Lad*,
 T'oblige him, he told him he shou'd be huge glad,
 Had he half so much *Wit*, as he fancy'd he had.
 How ever to please so *Jovial* a *Wit*,

And to keep him in humour, *Apollo*, thought fit,
 To bid him drink on, and keep his Old Trick,
 Of railing at *Poets*, and shewing his *Prick*,

N---L---, step in next, in hopes of a *Prize*,
Apello, remember'd he had hit once in *Thrice*;
 By the *Rubies* in's Face, he cou'd not deny,
 But he had as much *Wit*, as *Wine* cou'd supply;
 Confest that indeed he had a *Musical Note*,
 But sometimes strain'd so hard, that he rattled it
 Throat;

Yet owning he had *Sense*, t'encourage him for't,
 He made him his *Ovid* in *Augustus's Court*.

Poet S----, his Tryal, was the next came about,
 He brought him an *Ibrahim*, with the Preface torn
 out;

And humbly desir'd, he might give no offence;
 God damne, cries *S-----* he cannot write sense,
 And Ballocks cru'd *Newport*, I hate that dull *Rogue*;

Apollo, consid'ring he was not in vogue,
 Wou'd not trust his dear *Bays*, with so modest a *Fool*,
 And bid the great *Boy*, shou'd be sent back to *School*,
 T--.

Tom O----, came next *Tom S----*, dear *Zany* ;
 And swears for *Heroicks*, he writes best of any ;
Don C----, his Pockets so amply had fill'd,
 That his *Mange* was quite cur'd, and his *Lice* were
 all kill'd.

But *Apollo*, had seen his Face on the *Stage*,
 And prudently did not think fit to engage,
 The scum of a *Play-house*, for the Prop of an *Age*.

In the numerous Herd, that encompass him round
 Little starcht *Jonny C----* at his Elbow he found,
 His *Crevat-string*, new Iron'd, he gently did stretch,
 His Lilly white hand out, the *Lawrel* to reach ;
 Alledging that he had most right to the *Bays*,
 For writing *Romances*, and shiting of *Plays*.

Apollo, rose up, and gravely confest,
 Of all *Men* that writ, his *Tallent* was best :
 For since pain, and dishonor, *Mans* life only damn,
 The greatest felicity, *Mankind* can claim,
 Is to want sense of smart, & be past sense of shame:
 And to perfect his *Bliss*, in *Poetical Rapture*,
 He bid him be dull to the end of the *Chapter*.

The *Poetress Asra*, next shew'd her sweet face,
 And swore by her *Poetry*, and her black *Ace*,
 The *Lawrel*, by a double right was her own,
 For the *Plays* she had writ, and the *Conquests* she
 'had won :

Apollo, acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
 Yet to deal franckly, and ingeniously be her,
 He told her were *Conquests*, and *Charms* her pre-
 tence,

She ought to have pleaded a *Dozen* years since.

Anababaluthu put in for a share,
 And little *Tom Effences Author*, was there.
 Nor cou'd *D----*, forbear for the *Lawrel* to stickle,
 Protesting he had had the *Honor* to tickle,
 The Ears of the *Town*, with his dear *Madam Fickle*.

With other pretenders, whose names I'd rehearse,
 But that they're too long to stand in my *Verse*.

Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious *Harrangue*,
 Finds at last *Tom B----*, face in the gang,
 And since *Poets*, with the kind *Play'rs*, may hang,
 By his own light, he solemnly swore,
 That in search of a *Laureat*, he'd look out no more.
 A general murmur run quite through the *Hall*,
 To think that the *Bays*, to an *Actor* shou'd fall,
 But *Apollo*, to quiet, and pacifie all ;
 E'ne told 'em to put his desert to the Test,
 That he had made *Plays*, as well as the best ;
 And was the greatest wonder, the *Age* ever bore,
 For of all the *Play-Scriblers*, that e're writ before,
 His wit, had most worth, and most modesty in't,
 For he had writ *Plays*, yet ne're came in print.

Satyr.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris aut carcere
dignum*

Sivis esse aliquis---indem sat.

Suppos'd to be spoken by a *Court Hector*.

Pindarique,

Now curses on ye all, ye vertuous *Fools*.
 Who think to fetter free born *Souls*,
 And tie 'em up to dull *Morality*, and *Rules*,
 The *Stagyrite*, be damn'd, and all the Crew,
 Of learned *Idiots*, who his steps persue ;
 And those more silly *Profelites*, whom his fond Pre-
 cepts drew ! (drown'd
 Oh had his *Ethicks* , been with their wild *Author*
 Or a like fate, with those lost Writings found,
 Which that grand *Plagiary*, doom'd to *Fire*,
 And made by unjust *Flames* expire,
 They ne're had then seduc'd *Mortality*,
 Ne're lasted to debauch the *World*, with their lewd
Pedantry.
 But damn'd and more (if *Hell* can do't) be that
 Thrice cursed name,
 Who e're the rudiments of Law design'd ;
 Who e're did the First *Model* of *Religion*, frame,
 H 2 And

And by that double *Vassalage* enthrall'd *Mankind*;
By nought before, but their own pow'r, or will
confin'd :

Now quite abridg'd of all their Primitive liberty.
And *Slaves*, to each capricious *Monarchs*, Tyranny.
More happy *Bruits* ! who the great Rule of sense
observe,

And nere from their First Charter swerve.

Happy whose lives are meerly to enjoy,
And feel no stings of Sin, which may their Bliss an-
noy ;

Still unconcern'd, at *Epithets* of ill, or good,
Distinctions unadult'rate *Nature*, never under-
stood.

2

Hence ! hated *Vertue*, from our goodly *Isle* !

No more our joys beguile !

No more, with thy loath'd presence plague our
happy State ;

Thou *Enemy* to all, that's brisk, or gay, or brave,
or great !

Begon ! with all thy pious meager *Train*,

To some unfruitful, unfrequented *Land*,

And there an *Empire* gain,

And there extend thy rigor command :

There where illib'ral *Natures* nigradice,

Has set a *Tax* on *Vice* !

Where the lean barren *Region*, does enhance,

The worth of dear intemperance !

And for each pleasurable Sin, exacts Excise !

We (thanks to *Heav'n*) more cheaply can offend,
And

And want to tempting *Luxuries*.
 No good convenient Sinning opportunities,
 Which *Natures* bounty cou'd bestow, or *Heav'n's*
 kindness lend!

Go follow that nice *Goddeſs*, to the *Skies* !
 Who heretofore diſguſted at encreaſing Vice,
 Diſlik'd the *World*, and thought it to prophane,
 And timely hence retir'd, and kindly ne're returnd,
 again,

Hence ; to thoſe Airy Mansions rove,
 Converſe with *Saints*, and holy *Folks* above !
 Thoſe may thy preſence woe,
 Whoſe lazy eaſe, offords 'em nothing elſe to do.
 Where haughty ſcornful I,
 And my great *Friends*, will ne're vouchſafe thee
 Company.

Thou art now a hard unpracticable good,
 Too difficult for *Fleſh*, and *Blood*,
 Where all Soul like them, perhaps I'd learn to
 practice thee.

3

Vertue ! thou ſolemn grave impertinence,
 Abhorr'd by all the *Men of Wit*, and *Sence* !
 Thou dam'd *Fatigue* ! that clogg'ſt lifes Journey
 here,

Tho thou no weight of *Wealth*, or profit bear !
 Thou puling, fond Green-ſickneſs of the *Minds*,
 That makes us prove to our own ſelves unkind ;
 Whereby we *Coales*, and *Dirt*, for *Diet*, chooſe,
 And pleaſures better *Food* reſuſe.

Curst *Filt* ! that leadst deluded *Mortals* on,
 Till they too late perceive themselves undone,
 Chows'd by a *Dowry*, in Reversion !
 The greatest *Votary*, thou e're cou'd'st boast,
 Pitty so brave a Soul, was in thy service lost,
 What wonders he in wickedness had done !
 Whom thy weak pow'r, cou'd so inspire alone !
 Though long with fond Amors he courted thee,
 Yet dying did recant his vain Idolatry ;
 At length (tho late) he did repent with shame :
 Forc'd to confess thee nothing but an empty name.
 So was that *Letcher*, gull'd, whose haughty love,
 Design'd a *Rape*, on the *Queen Regent* of the Gods
 above.
 When he a *Goddeſs*, thought he had in chase,
 He found a gawdy *Vapor* in the place,
 And with thin Aire, beguild his starv'd embrace ;
 Idly he spent his *Vigor* ! spent his blood,
 And ty'd himself, t'oblige an unperforming *Cloud*.

4

If Humane kind to thee e're Worship paid,
 Then were by ignorance misled ;
 That only them devout, and thee a *Goddeſs* made :
 Known hap'ly in the *Worlds* rude, untaught, In-
 fancy,
 Before it had out-grown its Childish innocence ;
 Before it had arriv'd at sense,
 Or reach'd the *Manhood*, and discretion of De-
 bauchery :
 Known in those Antient Godly duller times,
 When crafty *Pagans*, had engros'd all Crimes :
 When

When *Christian Fools*, were obstinately good,
 Nor yet their Gospel freedom understood.
 Tame easie *Fops*, who cou'd so prodigally bleed,
 To be thought *Saints*, and dye a Kalender with red
 No prudent *Heathen*, e're seduc'd cou'd be,
 To suffer Martyrdom for thee,
 Only that Arrant *Ass*, whom the false Oracle cal'd
 wise :

(No wonder if the *Devil* utter'd Lyes)
 That sniv'ling *Puritan*, who spight of all the Mode.
 Wou'd be unfashionably good ;
 And exercis'd his whining gifts, to rail at Vice,
 Him all the *Wits*, of *Athens* damn'd.
 And justly with *Lampoones*, defam'd.
 But when the mad *Fanatick*, cou'd not silenc'd be,
 From broaching dangerous Divinity,
 The wise *Republick*, made him for prevention dye,
 And kindly sent him to the *Gods*, and better Com-
 pany.

5

Let fumbling Age, be grave, and wise,
 And *Virtues* poor contemn'd *Idea* prize,
 Who never knew, now are past the sweets of Vice ;
 Whilst we whose Active Pulses beat,
 With lusty youth and vig'rous heat,
 Can all their *Birds*, and *Moralls* too despise ?
 Whilst my plump *Veines*, are fill'd with lust and
 Blood,
 Let not one thought of her intrude,
 Or dare approach my *Breast* ;
 But know 'tis all possest,

By a more welcome *Guest* ;
 And know, I have not yet the leisure to be good.
 If ever unkind *Destiny*,
 Shall force long life on me ;
 If e're I must the curse of *Dotage* bear,
 Perhaps I'll dedicate those *Dregs* of time, to her,
 And come with *Crutches*, her most humble *Votary*.
 When Sprightly *Vice*, retreats from hence,
 And quits the ruins of decayed sense,
 She'll serve to Usher in a fair pretence,
 And varnish with her Name, a well dissembled Im-
 potence !
 When Ptilick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Palsies,
 seize,
 And all the *Bill of Maladies*,
 Which *Hav'n*, to punish over-living *Mortals* sends;
 Then let her enter, with th' num'rous infirmitis,
 Her self the greatest plague, which wrinkles, and
 gray Hairs, attends.

6

Tell me ye Venerable *Sots* who court her most,
 What small advantage can she boast,
 Which her great *Rival*, has not in a greater store
 engross'd ?
 Her quiet, calm, and peace of *Mind*,
 In *Wine*, and Company, we better find,
 Find it with pleasure, to combin'd !
 In mighty *Wine*, where we our Senses steep :
 And lull our cares, and *Consciences* asleep !
 But why do I, that wild *Chimera* name ?
 Conscience ! that giddy *Airy Dream* ;
 Which

Which does from *Brain-sick-heads*, or ill digesting
Stomachs, steam.

Conscience! the vain fantastick fear,
Of punishments, we know not when, or where:
Project of crafty *States-men*, to support weak Law,
Whereby they slavish Spirits awe,
And dastard Souls, to forc'd obedience draw.
Grand Wheadle! which our *Gownd-Impostors* use,
The poor unthinking *Rabble*, to abuse:
Scare-Crew, to fright from the forbidden fruit of
Vice,

Their own beloved *Paradise!*
Let those vile *Canters*, wickedness decry,
Whose Mercenary Tongues take pay
For what they say;
And yet commend in practice, what their words
deny.

While we discerning Heads, who farther pry,
Their Holy *Cheats* desire,
And scorn their frauds, and scorn their sanctify'd
Cajollery.

None but dull unbred *Fools*, discredit Vice,
Who act their wickedness, with an ill grace;
Such their profession scandalize,
And justly forfeir all their praise,
All that esteem, that credit, and applause.
Which we by our wise *Manage*, from a Sin can
raise.

A true, and brave transgressor ought,
To Sin with the same height of Spirit, *Caesar* fought.
Mean-soul'd, Offenders, now no Honor gain,
Only Debauchees of the Noble strain;
Vice,

Vice, well improv'd, yeelds Bliss, and Fame
beside,
And some for Sinning have been *Deify'd* !
Thus the lewd *Gods*, of old, did move,
By these brave *Methods*, to the Seats above !
Ev'n *Jove* himself, the Sov'raign *Deity*,
Father, and *King*, of all th'immortal Progeny,
Ascended to that high degree,
By Crimes above the reach of weak *Mortality*:
He *Heav'n*, one large *Seraglio*, made,
Each *Goddeß*, turn'd a glorious *Punk*, 'oth Trade,
And all that sacred place,
Was fill'd with *Bastard Gods*, of his own Race !
Almighty *Lech'ry* got his first repute,
And everlasting Whoring, was his chiefest Attri-
bute.

8

How gallant was that *Wretch*, whose happy guilt,
A fame upon the ruines of a *Temple* built ?
Let *Fools*, (saith he) impiety alledge,
And urge the no great fault of *Sacrilege* ?
I'll set the sacred *Pile*, on flame,
And in its *Ashes*, write my lasting name !
My Name ! which thus shall be,
Deathless, as its own *Deity* !
Thus the vain glorious *Carian*, I'll out do,
And *Egypt's*, proudest *Monarchs* too !
Those lavish *Prodigals*, who idely did consume,
Their lives, and Treasures to erect a *Tomb*,
And only great, by being buried wou'd become.

At cheaper rates than they, I'll buy renown,
And my lowd Fame, shall all their silent glories
drown !

So spake the daring *Hector*, so did Prophecy,
And so it prov'd---in vain did envious Fate,
By fruitless *Methods* try :

To raise his well built *Same*, and *Memory*
Amongst *Posterity* :

The *Beautifull*, can now immortal write,
While the inglorious *Founder*, is forgotten quite.

9

Yet greater was that mighty *Emperor*,
(A greater Crime, befitted his high pow'r)
Who sacrific'd a *City*, to a jeast,
And shew'd he knew the grand Intrigues of humor
best !

He made all *Rome*, a *Bonfire* to his Fame !
And sung, and plaid, and danc'd amidst the
Flame !

Bravely begun ! yet pitty there he staid,
One step to glory more he shou'd have made !
He shou'd have heav'd the noble *Frollick* higher !
And made the *People*, on that *Fun'ral Pile* expire !
Or providently with their *Blood* put out the *Fire* !

Had this been done,
The utmost pitch of glory he had won !
No greater *Monument* cou'd be,
To consecrate him to *Eternity* !
Nor shou'd there need another *Herald*, of his praise
but me !

And

And thou yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our Isle
 Whom baffled *Hell*, esteems its chiefest *Foyle* ;
 (Twere injury, shou'd I omit thy name)
 Whose Action, merits all the breath of *Fame* !
 Methinks I see the trembling Shades below,

Around in humble rev'rence how,
 Doubtful they seem, whether to pay their *Loyalty*,
 To their dread *Monarch*, or to them !
 No wonder he grown jealous, of thy fear'd success,
 Envy'd *Mankind*. the honor of thy wickedness,
 And spoyl'd that brave attempt, which must have
 made his grandeur *less*.

How e're regret not mighty *Ghost*.
 Thy *Plot* by treach'rous Fortune crost.
 Nor think thy well deserved glory lost !
 Thou the full praise of *Villany*, shalt ever share,
 And all will judge thy Act compleat enough, when
 thou couldst dare.

So thy great *Master*, fear'd; whose high disdain.
 Contemn'd that *Heav'n*, where he cou'd not
 reign.

When he with bold ambition strove,
 To usurp the *Throne* above,
 And led against the *Deity*, an Armed Train.
 Though from his vast designs he fell,
 O're pow'rd by's *Almighty* *Foe*,
 Yet gain'd he *Vict'ry* in his overthrow ;
 He gain'd sufficient *Triumph*, that he durst rebel,
 And 'twas some pleasure, to be thought the great 't
 in *Hell* !

Tell me ye great *Triumvirate* , what shall I do ,
To be Illustrious as you ?

Let your example move me with a gen'rous Fire!

Let'em into my daring thoughts inspire !

Some what compleatly wicked , some vast *Gyant*
Crime ,

Unthought , unknown , unpattern'd , by all past,
and present time !

'Tis done , 'tis done , me thinks I feel the pow'r-
ful Charmes !

And a new heat of Sin , my Spirits warms !

I travel with a glorious Mischief, for whose *Birth*
My Souls too narrow , and weak Fate too feeble ,
yet to bring it forth !

Let the unpitty'd *Vulgar* , tamely go ,

And stock for company, the wide *Plantations* below
Such their Vile Souls , for viler *Barter* sell ,

Scarce worth the damning, or their room in *Hell*

We are its *Grandeers* , and expect as high perfer-
ment there ,

For our good service , as on *Earth* we share.

In them , sin is but a meer privative of good ,
The frailty and defect , of *Flesh* , and *Blood* ;

In us 'tis a perfection , who profess

A study'd , and Elaborate wickedness :

Wee're the great *Royal Society* of Vice.

Whose Talents , are to make discoveries ,

And advance Sin , like other *Arts* and *Sciences*.

'Tis I , the bold *Columbus* , only I ,

Who

Who must new *Worlds*, in Vice descry,
And fix the *Pillars*, of unpassable Iniquity.

12.

How sneaking was the first *Debauch* that sinn'd,
Who for so small a sin, sold *Human* kind!

How undeserving that high place,
To be thought *Parent*, of our sin, and Race;
Who by low guilt, our *Nature* doubly did debase.

Unworthy was he to be thought,
Father, of the great *first-born Cain*, which he begot.
The Noble *Cain*! whose bold, and gallant Act,
Proclaim'd him of more high *Extract*!

Unworthy me,
And all the braver part of his *Posterity*;
Had the just *Fates* design'd me in his stead,
I'd done some great, and unexampled Deed!

A Deed! which shou'd decry,
The *Stoicks* dull Equality,
And shew that Sin admits transcendency!
A Deed! wherein the *Tempter* shou'd not share,
Above what *Heav'n*, cou'd punish, and above
what he cou'd dare!

For greater Crimes than his, I wou'd have fell,
And acted some what, which might merit more
than *Hell*.

*An Apology to the fore-going Satyr
by way of Epilogue.*

MY part is done , and you'll I hope excuse ,
The extravagance , of a repenting *Muse* ;
Pardon what e're she has too boldly said ,
She only acted here in *Masquerade* ;
And the slight *Arguments* , she did produce ,
Were not to flatter Vice , but to traduce :
So we *Buffoones* , in *Princely* dress expose ,
Not to be gay , but more ridiculous ,
When she a *Hector* , for her *Subject* had ,
She thought she must be *Tarmagant* , and mad ;
That made her speak like a lewd *Punch* , 'oth' *Town* ,
Who by converse with *Bullys* , wicked grown ,
Has learn'd the *Mode* , to cry all Virtue down :
But now the *Vizor's* off , she changes Scene ,
And turns a modest , civil *Girl* , again .
Our *Poet* , has a different taste of Wit ,
Nor will to th' common Vogue , himself submit .
Let some admire the *Fops* , whose Talents lye ,
Inventing dull insipid *Blasphemy* ;
He swears he cannot with those termes dispense ,
Nor will be damn'd , for the repute of sense .
Wits name , was never to profaness due ,
For then you see , he cou'd be witty too :
He cou'd *Lampoon* the *State* , and *Libel Kings* ,
But that he's *Loyal* , and knows better things ,
Than *Fame* , whose guilty *Birth* from *Treason*
springs .

He

He likes not wit, which can no *Licence* claim,
 To which the *Author*, dares not set his Name:
Wit, shou'd be open, court each *Readers Eye*,
 Not lurk in fly, unprinted privacy.
 But Criminal *Writers*, like dull *Birds* of Night,
 For weakness, or for shame, avoid the light:
 May such a *Jury*, for the *Audience* have,
 And from the *Bench*, not *Pit*, their doom receive:
 May they the *Tow'r*, for their due merits share,
 And a Just Wreath of *Hemp*, not *Lawrel* wear.
 He cou'd be *Bawdy* too, and nick the times,
 In what they dearly love, damn'd *Placket* Rhymes
 Such as our *Nobles* write -----

Whose nauseous *Poetry*, can reach no higher,
 Than what the *Cod-peice*, or its *God* inspire:
 So lewd they spend at Quill, you'd justly think,
 They wrote with something nastier than Ink.
 But he still thought that little wit, or none,
 Which a just modesty, must never own,
 And a meer *Reader*, with a blush attone.
 If Ribauldry, deserve the praise of wit,
 He must resign to each Illit' rare *Cit*,
 And *Prentices*, and *Car-men*; challenge it:
 Ev'n they too, can be smart, and witty there,
 For all *Men*, on that Subject, *Poets* are.
 Henceforth he says, if ever more he find,
 Himself to the base itch of Verse, inclin'd,
 If e're he's given up so far to write,
 He never means to make his end delight;
 Shou'd he do so, he must despair success,
 For he's not now debauch'd enough to please,
 And must be damn'd for want of wickedness.

He'll

He'll therefore use his gift another way,
 And next the ugliness of Vice display :
 Though against *Vertue* once he drew his Pen,
 He'll ne're for ought, but her defence agen.
 Had he a *Genius*, and *Poetick* Rage,
 Great as the *Vices*, of this guilty Age ;
 Were he all *Gaule*, and arm'd with store of spight,
 'Twere worth his pains to undertake to write :
 To noble *Satyr*, he'd direct his aim,
 And by't *Mankind*, and *Poetry*, reclaim :
 He'd shoot his Quils, just like a *Procupine*,
 At *Vice*, and made 'em stab in every *Line* ;
 The *World*, shou'd learn to blush-----
 And dread the vengeance of his angry Wit,
 Which more than their own *Conscience* shou'd
 fright ;
 And all shou'd think him *Heav'ns*, just plague de-
 sign'd,
 To visit for the Sins of lewd *Mankind*.

*Upon the Author of a Play
 call'd Sodom.*

TELL me abandon'd *Miscreant*, prithee tell,
 What damned Pow'r invoc'd and sent from
 Hell ;
 (If *Hell*, were bad enough) did thee inspire,
 To write, what *Fiends* asham'd would blushing
 hear ?

Hast thou of late embrac'd som *Succubus* ?
 And us'd the lewd *Familiar*, for a *Muse* ?
 Or didst thy Soul, by Inch'oth' *Candle* sell,
 To gain the glorious Name of *Pimp*, to *Hell* !
 If so ; go, and its vow'd *Allegiance* swear,
 Without *Press-Money*, be its *Voluntiere* :
 May he who envies thee, deserve thy fate,
 Deserve both *Heav'ns*, and *Mankinds*, scorn, and
 hate.

Disgrace to *Libels* ! Foyle to very shame,
 Whom 'tis a scandal to vouchsafe to damn.
 What foul discriptions foul enough for thee,
 Sunk quite below the reach of infamy ?
 Thou cover'st to be lewd, but want'st the might,
 And art all over *Devil*, but in *Wit*.
 Weak feeble *Strainer*, at meer ribaldry,
 Whose *Muse*, is impotent to that degree,
 'Thad need like Age, be whipt to *Lchery*.
 Vile *Sot* ! who clapt with *Poetry* art sick,
 And void'st *Corruption*, like a *Shanker'd Prick*.
 Like *Ulcers*, thy impostum'd Addle Brains,
 Drop out in *Matter*, which thy Paper stains :
 Whence nauseous *Rhymes*, by filthy *Births* proceed,
 As *Maggots*, in some *T-d*, ingendring breed.
 Thy *Muse* has got the *Flow'rs*, and they ascend,
 As in some *Green-sick Girl*, at upper end.
 Sure *Nature* made, or meant at least t'have don't,
 Thy Tongue a *Clytoris*, thy Mouth a *C--t* :
 How well a *Dildoe*, wou'd that place become,
 To gag it up, and make't for ever dumb ?
 At least it shou'd be syring'd-----

Or wear some stinking *Merkin*, for a Beard,
 That all from its base converse, might be scar'd.
 As they a *Door* shut up, and mark'd beware,
 That tells infection, and the *Plague* is there.
 Thou *Morefields Author*, fit for *Bawds* to quote,
 (If *Bawds* themselves, with Honor safe may do't)
 When *Suburb Premice*, comes to hire delight,
 And wants incentives to dull Appetite,
 Their *Punk*, perhaps, may they brave works re-
 hearfe,
 Frigging the senseless thing, with Hand, and Verse.
 Which after shall (preferr'd to *Dressing Box*)
 Hold *Turpentine*, and *Medicines* for the *Pox*.
 Or (If I may ordain a *Fate* more fit)
 For such foul, nasty, *Excrements* of *Wit*,
 May they condem'd to th'publick *Fakes*, be lent,
 For me I'd fear the *Piles*, in vengeance sent
 Shou'd I with them prophane my *Fundament*)
 Therefore bugger wiping *Porters*, when they shite,
 And so thy *Book* it self, turn *Sodomite*.

*A Call to the Guard by
 a Drum.*

R At too, rat too, rat too, rat tat too, rat tat too.
 With your *Noses* all scabb'd, and your *Eyes*
 black and blew.

All ye hungry poor Sinners, that Foot Soldiers are,

*Though with very small Coyne yet with very much care,
From your Quarters in Garrets, make hast to repare,
To the Guard to the Guard.*

*From your sorry Straw-beds, & your bonny whit Fleas,
From your Dreames of small drink, and your very small
ease,*

*From your plenty of stinck, and no plenty of room,
From your Walls daub'd with Phlegm sticking on 'em
like Gum.*

*And Cieling hung with cobwebs, to stanch a cut Thumb,
To the Guard, &c.*

*From your crackt Earthen Piss-pots, where no Piss can
stay,*

*From Roofs bewrit with snuffs in letters the wrong way,
From one old broken Stool, with one unbroken Leg,
One Box with ne're a Lid, to keep ne're a Rag,*

*And Windows that of Storms more than your selves
can brag,*

To the Guard, &c.

*With rusty Pike, and Gun, and the other rusty Tool,
With heads extreamly hot, and with Hearts wonderous
cool ;*

*With Stomachs meaning none (but Cooks and Sutlers)
hurt ;*

*With two old totter'd Shoes, that disgrace the Town dirt
With Forty shreds of Breeches, & not one shred of Shirt.*

To the Guard, &c.

*See they come, see they come, see they come, see they come
With Allarmes in their Pates, to the call of a Drum ;
Some lodging with Bawds (whom the modest call Bitches)
With their Bones dry'd to Kexes, and Legs shrunk to
Switches ;*

With

*With the Plague in the Purse, & the Pox, in the Breeches.
To the Guard, &c.*

*Some from snoring, and farting, and spewing on Benches,
Some from damn'd fulsome Ale, and more damn'd ful-
some Wenches ;*

*Some from Put, and Size Ace, and Old Sim, this way stalk,
Each Mans reeling's his Gate, and his Hyccop, his talk;
With two new Cheeks of red, from ten old Rows of Chalk,
To the Guard, &c.*

*Here come others from scuffling, & damning mine Host,
With their Tongues at last tam'd, but with Faces that
boast,*

*Of some Scars, by the Jordan, or War-like Quart Port,
For their building of Sconces, and Volleys of Shot,
Which they charg'd to the Mouth, but discharg'd ne're
a Groat.*

To the Guard, &c.

*They for Valor in black too ! the Chaplain does come !
From his Preaching o're Pots, now to pray o're a Drum.
All ye Whoreing, and Swearing, old Red Coats draw near,
Like to Saints, in red Letters, listen, and give ear,
And be Godly a while ho, and then as you were.*

To the Guard, &c.

*After some canting Terms, to your Arms and the like,
Such as poyssing your Muskits, or Porting your Pike ;
To the Right, to the Left, or else Face about,
After ratling your Sticks, and your shaking a Clout,
Hast your Infantry Troops, that mount the Guard on
Foot.*

To the Guard, &c.

*Captain Hector, first marches, but not he of Troy,
But a Trifle made up of a Man, and a Boy.*

See *Man* scant of *Arms*, in a *Scarf* does abound,
 Which presages some swagg'ring, but no blood nor wound,
 Like a *Rain-bow*, that shews the *World* shant be drown'd,
 To the *Guard*, &c.

As the *Tinker*, wears *Rags*, whilst the *Dog* bears the
Budget,

So the *Man* stalks with *staff*, whilst the *Foot-boy* does
 trudge it,

With the *Tool* he shou'd work with (that's *Half-pike*
 you'll say)

But what *Captain's* so strong his own *Arms* to convey,
 When he marches o're loaden with *Ten* other *Mens* pay.

To the *Guard*, &c.

In his march (if you mark) he's attended at least,
 With stinks *Sixteen* deep, and about five a *Breast*
 Made of *Ale*, and *Mundungas*, snuff, *Rags*, and *Brown*
Crust for,

While he wants *Twenty* *Taylor's*, to make up the *Cluster*,
 Which declares that his journey's not new to the *Muste*r,
 But to the *Guard*, &c.

Some with *Masket*, and *Belly*, uncharg'd march away,
 With *Pipes*, black as their *Mouths* are, and short as their
 pay,

Whilst their *Coats* made of holes, shew like *Bone-lace*
 about 'em,

And their *Bandileers* hang like to *Bobbins* without 'em,
 And whilst *Horsmen*, do cloath 'em, those *Foot-scrubs*
 do clout 'em.

For the *Guard*, &c.

Some with that ty'd one one side, and Wit ty'd on neither,
 Wear gray *Coats*, and gray *Cattle*, see their *Wenches*
 run hisker,

For

*For to peep through Red Lettice, and dark Celler doors,
To behold 'm wear Pikes rusty, just like their Whores,
As slender as their Meales, and as long as their Scores.*

To the Guard, &c.

*Some with Tweedle, Weedle, Weede (whilst we beat dub
a dub)*

*Keep the base Scottish noise, and as base Scottish scrub;
Then with the Body contracted, a Rag, open spread,
Comes a thing, with Red Colors and Nose full as Red,
Like an Ensign, to the King, and to the Kings Head.*

Towards the Guard, &c.

*Two Commanders, come last, the Lieutenant perhaps,
Full of Low Country, Story, and Low Country Claps,
To be next him the other takes care not to fail, (sale;
(Powder Monkey by name) that vents stink by whole
For where shoud the Fart be, but just with the Tail.*

Of the Guard, &c.

*And now hey for the King, Boyes, & hey for the Court,
Which is guarded by these, as the Tow'r is by Dirt; (ye
These Whitehall must admit, and such other unhouse
Each day lets in the drunk, whilst it lets out the drowsie
And no place in the World, shifts so oft to be Lowsie.*

Thank the Guard, &c.

*Some to Scotland-yard sneak, and the Suters Wife kisses,
But despairing of drink, till some Country man pisses,
And pays too (for no place in the Court must be given)
To the Can Office then, all a Foot Soldiers Heav'n,
Where he finds a foul Fox, soon, and cures Sir Stephen.*

On the Guard, &c.

*Some at Shite-house publick (where a Rag always goes)
At once empty their Guts, and diminish their Cloths*

Though their Mouths are poor Pimps (Whore and Bacon being all (may call,
 Their chief Food (yet their Bums we true Courtiers,
 For what they eat in the Suburbs, they shite at White-hall.

For the Guard, &c.

Such a like pack of Cards, to the Park, making entry,
 Here, and there, deal an Ace, which the Jews call a
 Centry, (Clock 'tis,
 Which in bad Houses of Boards, stand to tell what a
 Where they keep up tame Red Coats, as men keep up
 tame Foxes,

Or Apothecaries lay up their Dogs T-ds, in Boxes.

Oh the Guard, &c.

Some of these are planted (though it has been their lucks
 Oft to steal Country Geese) now to watch the Ks. Ducks;
 While some others are set, in the side that has Wood in,
 To stand Pimps to black Masques, that are of thither
 footing,

Just as Huswives, set Cuckolds, to tend their black
 Pudding.

Oh the Guard, &c.

Whilst another true Trojan, to some passage runs,
 As to keep in the Debtor, so to keep out the Duns;
 Or a Prentice, or his Mistress; with Oaths to confound,
 Till he hies him from the Park, as from forbidden ground,
 Canse his credit is whole, and his Wench may be found.

And quits the Guard, &c.

Now it's Night, and the Patrole in Ale-house droun'd,
 For nought else, but the Pot, and their Brains walk the
 round;

Whilst

*Whilst like Hell, the Commanders, Guard Chambers,
 does shew,
 There's such damning their selves, and all else of the
 Crew ;* (his due.

*For though these cheat their Men, they give the Devil,
 On the Guard, &c.*

*Whilst a Main, after main, at old Hazard they throw,
 And their Quarrels grow high, as their Money grows
 low ;*

*Strait thy threaten hard (using bad Faces for frowns)
 To revenge on the Flesh, the default of the Bones,
 But the blood's in their Hose, and in Oaths all their
 Wounds.*

Like the Guard, &c.

*In the Morning they fight, just as much as they pray,
 For some one to the King, does the tidings convey
 For preventing of Murder ; Oh 'tis a wise way !
 Though not one of 'em knows (as a Thousand dare say)
 What belongs to a dead Man, unless in his pay.*

For the Guard, &c.

*With their skins, they march home, no more hurt than
 their Drums ;*

*But for scratching of Faces, or biting of Thumbs ;
 And now hey for fat Alewives, and Tradsmen,
 grow leane,*

*For the Captain, grown Bankrupt, recruits him agen,
 With sending out Tickets, and turning out Men.*

From the Guard, &c.

*Strait the poor Rogue's Cashier'd, with a Care, and
 a curse,*

Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut ev'ry Purse :

And

*And what then? Man's a Worm; these we Glow-worms
may name.*

*For as they're dark of Body, have Tails all a flame,
So tho these liv'd in Oaths, yet they dye with a Psalm.
Farewel Guard, &c.*

Ephelia to Bajazet.

HOW far are they deceiv'd who hope in vain,
A lasting *Lease* of joys from *Love* t'obtain?
All the dear sweets, or promise or expect,
After enjoyment, turns we cold neglect.
Cou'd love, a constant happiness have known,
The mighty wonder, had in me been shown,
Our Passions are so favored by *Fate*,
As if she meant 'em an *Eternal Date*;
So kind he look'd, such tender words he spoke,
'Twas past belief such Vows shou'd e're be broke.
Fixt on my *Eyes*, how often wou'd he say,
He cou'd with pleasure gaze an Age away!
When thoughts too great for words had made him
mute,
In kisses, he wou'd till my hand his Suit.
So great his passions was, so far above,
The common *Gallantries*, that pass for love,
At worst I thought if he unkind shou'd prove,
His ebbing passion, wou'd be kinder far,
Than the First transports of all others are.

Nor

Nor was my love, or fondness less than his,
 In him I center'd all my hopes of Bliss !
 For him my duty to my *Friends* forgot,
 For him I lost, alas ! what lost I not ?
 Fame, all the valuable things of life,
 To meet his love, by a less name than *Wife*
 How happy was I then, how dearly blest,
 When this great Man lay panting on my Breast,
 Looking such things, as ne're can be exprest !
 Thousand fresh looks he gave me ev'ry hour,
 Whilst greedily I did his looks devour !
 Till quite o'recome with Charms, I trembling lay,
 At ev'ry look he gave, melted away !
 I was so highly happy in his love,
 Methoughts I pitti'd them that dwelt above !
 Think then thou greatest, loveliest, falsest Man,
 How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and then,
 My faithless dear, be cruel if you can !
 How I have lov'd, I cannot, need not tell,
 No ev'ry act, has shown, I lov'd to well.
 Since first I saw you, I ne're had a thought,
 Was not entirely yours, to you I brought,
 My *Virgin*, Innocence, and freely made,
 My love, an Offering, to your noble *Bed* :
 Since when, y've been the *Star*, by which I steer'd
 And nothing else but you, I lov'd, or fear'd.
 Your smiles, I only live by, and I must.
 When e're you frown, be shatter'd into Dust.
 Oh ! can the coldness that you shew me now,
 Suit with the gen'rous heart you once did shew ?

I cannot live on pitty, or respect,
 A thought so mean, wou'd my whole love infect;
 Less than your love, I scorn Sir to expect.
 Let me not live in dull indiff'rency,
 But give me rage enough to make me dye!
 For if from you, I needs must meet my Fate,
 Before your pitty, I wou'd choose your hate.

*A very Heroical Epistle in Answer
 to Epheha.*

Madam,

IF your deceiv'd, it is not by my Cheat,
 For all disguises, are below the great.
 What *Man*, or *Woman*, upon *Earth* can say,
 I ever us'd 'em well above a Day?
 How is it then, that I inconstant am?
 He changes not, who always is the same.
 In my dear self, I center ev'ry thing,
 My *Servants*, *Friends*, My *Mrs.* and my *King*,
 Nay Heav'n, and *Earth*, to that one poynt I bring.
 We'll manner'd, honest, generous, and stout,
 Names by dull *Fools*, to plague Mankind found out;
 Shon'd I regard, I must my self constrain,
 And 'tis my *Maxim*, to avoid all pain.
 You fondly look for what none e're cou'd find,
 Deceive your self, and then call me unkind,

And

And by false Reasons, wou'd my fallhood prove,
 For 'tis as natural to change, as love :
 You may as justly at the *Sun*, repine,
 Because alike it does not always shine,
 No glorious thing, was ever made to stay,
 My blazing *Star*, but visits and away.
 As fatal to it shines, as those 'ith' *Skies*,
 'Tis never seen, but some great *Lady* dyes.
 The boasted favor, you so precious hold,
 To me's no more than changing of my Gold
 What e're you gave, I paid you back in Bliss,
 Then wher's the Obligation pray of this ?
 If heretofore you found grace in my *Eyes*,
 Be thankful for it, and let that suffice,
 But *Woman*, *Beggar-like*, still haunt the Door,
 Where they've receiv'd a *Charity* before.
 Oh happy *Sultan* ! whom we barb'rous call,
 How much refin'd art thou above us all :
 Who envys not the joys of thy *Serail* ?
 Thee like some *God* ! the trembling Crowd adore,
 Each *Man*'s thy *Slave*, and *Woman* kind, thy *Whore*.
 Methinks I see thee underneath the Shade,
 Of Golden Canopy, supinely laid,
 Thy crowding *Slaves*, all silent as the Night,
 But at thy nod, all active; as the light !
 Secure in solid Sloth, thou there dost reign,
 And feel'st the joys of Love, without the pain.
 Each *Female*, courts thee with a wishing Eye,
 While thou with awful pride, walk'st careless by ;
 Till thy kind Pledge, as last, marks out the *Dame*,
 Thou fancy'st most, to quench thy present flame.

Then

Then from the Bed, submissive she retires.
 And thankful for the grace, no more requires.
 No loud reproach, nor fond unwelcome sound,
 Of *Womens* Tongues, thy sacred Ear does wound ;
 If any do, a nimble *Mute*, strait tyes
 The *True-loves-knot*, and stops her foolish cries.
 Thou fear'st no injur'd *Kinsmans* threatening Blade,
 Nor Mid-night Ambushes, by *Rivals* laid ;
 While here with aking Hearts, our joys we tast,
 Disturb'd by Swords, like *Democles* his Feast.

On

On Poet Ninny.

CRusht by that just contempt his *Follys* bring,
On his craz'd *Head*, the *Vermin* fain wou'd
sting.

But never *Satyr*, did so softly bite,
Or gentle *George* himself more gently write.
Born to no other, but thy own disgrace,
Thou art a thing so wretched, and so base,
Thou canst not ev'n offend, but with thy Face.
And dost at once a sad example prove,
Of harmless malice, and of hopeless love.
All pride! and ugliness! oh how we loath,
A nauseous *Creature*, so compos'd of both!
How oft have we thy *Cap'ring Person* seen,
With dismal look, and Melancholly *Meene*,
The just reverse of *Nokes*, when he wou'd be,
Some mighty *Heroe*, and makes love like thee!
Thou art below being laugh't at, out of spight,
Men gaze upon thee, as a hideous sight,
And cry, there goes the Melancholly *Knight*.
There are some modest *Fools*, we dayly see,
Modest, and dull, why they are *Wits*, to thee!
For of all *Folly*, sure the very top,
Is a conceited *Ninny* and a *Fop*.
With Face of *Farce*, joyn'd to a Head *Romancy*,
Ther's no such *Coxcomb* as your *Fool* of fancy:
But 'tis too much on so dispis'd a *Theam*.
No *Man* wou'd dabble, in a dirty Stream:

The worst that I cou'd write, wou'd be no more,
Then what thy very *Friends*, have said before.

My Lord All-Pride.

Bursting with *Pride*, the loath'd *Impostume*
swells,

Pr-k him, he sheads his *Venom* strait, and smells;
But 'tis so lewd a *Scribler*, that he writes,
with as much forch to *Nature*, as he fights,
Hardned in shame, 'tis such a baffled *Top*,
That ev'ry *Scool-boy* whips him like a *Top*:
And with his *Arme*, and *Head*, his *Brains* so
weak,

That his starved fancy, is compell'd to take,
Among the *Excrements* of others wit,
To make a stinking *Meal* of what they shit.
So *Swine*, for' nasty *Meat*, to *Dunghil* run,
And toss their gruntlinst *Snowts* up when they've
done:

Again his *Stars*, the *Coxcomb* ever strives.
And to be something they forbid, contrives.
With a *Red Nose*, *Splay Foot*, and *Goggle Eye*,
A *Plough Mans*, looby *Meene*, *Face* all a wry,
With stinking *Breath*, and ev'ry loathsome mark,
The *Punchianello*, sets up for a *Spark*,
With equal self conceit too, he bears *Arms*,
But with that vile success, his part performs,

That

That he *Burlesques* his Trade, and what is best
In others, turns like *Harlequin*, in jest.

So have I seen at *Smithfields* wondrous Fair,
When all his *Brother Monsters*, flourish there ;
A *Lubbar'd Elephan*, divert the Town,
With making *Legs*, and shooting off a *Gun*.
Go where he will, he never fiends a *Friend*,
Shame, and derision, all his steps attend ;
Alike abroad, at home, 'ith *Camp*, and *Court*,
This *Knight*, o'th *Burning Pestle*, make us sport.

K

Captain

Captain Ramble.

WHilst *Duns* were knocking at my Door,
 Lay in Bed with wreeking *Whore*,
 With Back so weak, and Pr---k so sore
 yo'ud wonder.

I rais'd my *Doe*, and laid her *Gown*,
 I pinn'd her *Whisk*, and dropt a *Crown*,
 She pist, and then I drove her down
 Like Thunder.

From Chamber then I went to Dinner,
 And drank small Beer, like mournful Sinner,
 But still I thaught the *Devil* in her
Clytoris.

I sat at *Muscots*, in the dark,
 And heard a *Tradesman*, and a *Spark*,
 A *Scriv'ner* and a *Lawyers Clark*,
 Tell Stories.

From thence I went with muffled Face,
 To the *Dukes House*, and took a place,
 In which I spew'd, may't please his Grace
Or Highness.

Had I been hang'd, I cou'd not choose,
 But laugh at *Whores*, who dropt from *Stews*,
 Seeing that *Mrs Marg'ret Hews*,
 So fine is.

When *Play* was done, I call'd a *Link*,
 Hearing some paultry pieces chink
 Within my *Breeches*, how 'dye think
 I employ'd em?

Why

Why Sir, I went to *Mrs. Speerings*,
Where some were *Cursing*, others *Swearing*,
Never a *Barrel* better *Herring*,

Per fidem.

Seave'ns the *Main*, 'tis Eight God damn me,
'Tis Six, (said I) as God shall save me;
And being true, they could not blame me

So saying.

Save me (quoth one) what *Shamarone*,
Is this has beg'd an Afternoon,
Of's *Mother*, to go up, and down,

A playing?

Now this to me, was worse than killing,
Mistake me not for I am willing;
And able both, to drop a *Shilling*,

Or Two Sir.

Well said my *Lad*, (Quoth *Bully Hack*)
With *Whiskers* stern, and *Cordibeck*,
Pinn'd up behind his scabby Neck

To shew Sir.

With *Mangy Fist*, he graspt the *Box*,
Giving the *Table* bloody knocks,
Calling upon the *Plague*, and *Pox*,

To assist him.

Ten Shillings from me, he did snatch,
He'd like to have made a quick dispatch,
Nor wou'd Times *Register*, my *VVaich*,

Have mist him.

As luck wou'd have it in came *VVill*,
Perceiving things went very ill,
Quoth he, thou'dst better go and swill,

Canary.

We steer'd our Course to *Dragon Green*,
Which in *Fleet-street* to be seen,
Where we drank *VVine*, not foul but clean
Contrary.

Our *Hofst* Eclipsed *Thomas Hammon*,
Presented slice of *Bacon Gamon*,
VVhich made us swallow *Sack*, as *Salmon*
Does Water.

Being over warm with the last debauch,
I grew as drunk as any *Roach*,
VVhen hot Back'd *Wardens* did approach,
Or later.

But see the damn'd confounded fate,
Attends on drinking *VVine* so late,
I drew my Sword on honest *Kate*
Ith *Kitchin*.

VVhich *Hammonds Wife* cou'd not endure,
I told her though she look'd demure,
That she came latly I was sure,
From *Bitching*

We broke our Glasses out of hand,
As many *Oaths*, we did command,
As *Hastings*, *Savin*, *Southerland*,
Or *Ogle*.

Then I cry'd up *Sir Harry Fain*,
And swore by God I wou'd maintain,
Episcopacy, was too plain,
A juggle.

And having now discharg'd the *House*,
We did reserve a gentle *Souse*,
With which we drank another *Rouse*,
At the *Bar*.

And

And now good *Christians*, all attend,
To drunkenness, pray put an end,
I doe advise you as a *Friend*,

And *Neighbor*.

For lo the *mortal*, here behold,
Who cautious was in days of old,
Is now become, rash, sturdy, bold,

And free *Sir*,

For having scap't the *Tavern* so,
There never was a greater *Foe*,
Encountr'd yet by *Pompey*, no

Nor *Cesar*.

A *Cunstable*, both stern, and dread,
Who is from *Mustard*, *Brooms*, and *Thread*,
Preferr'd to be the *Brainless head*

O'th' *People*.

A *Gown*, h'ad on with *Age* made gray,
A *Hat* too, which as *Folks* do say,
Is *Sir-name'd* to this very *Day*,

A *Steeple*.

His *Staff*, which knew as well as he,
The business of *Authority*,
Stood bolt upright at sight of me ;

Most true tis

The *Lowsey Currs*, that heither come.
To keep the *Kings* peace, safe at home,
Yet cannot keep the *Vermin* from

Their *Curis*.

Stand, stand, says one, and come before,
You lye, said I, like a *Sun*, of a *Where*,
I can't, nor will not stand, that's more

De; mutter ?

You

You watchful *Knave*, I'll tell you what,
Your *Officer*, i'th' *May-Pole-Hat*,
I'll make as drunk as any *Rat*.

Or *Otter*.

The *Constable* began to swell,
Although he lik'd the motion well,
Quoth he my *Friends*, this I must tell

You clearly.

The *Pestilence* you can't forget,
North' dispute with the *Dutch*, nor yet
The dreadful *Fire*, that made us get

Up early.

From which (quoth he) I this infer,
To have a Bodies Conscience clear
Excelleth any costly *Cheer*,

Or *Banquet*.

Besides (and faith I think he wept)
Were it not better you had kept,
Within your Chamber, and have slept,

In *Blanket*.

But I'll advise you by, and by,
--A pox of all advice said I,
Your *Janizaries* look as dry,

As *Vulcan*.

We came not here to talk of Sin,
--Come- here's a Shilling fetch it in.
Our business now is to begin,

A full *Can*,

At last I made the *Watch-men* drunk,
Examin'd here, and there, a *Punch*,
And then away to *Bed* I slunk,
To hide it.

Now

Now these my wishes are to you,
 Who will those dangers not Eschue,
 That ye may all go home, and spew,
 As I did.

On Rome's Pardon.

IF *Rome* can pardon Sins, as *Romans* hold,
 And if those *Pardons*, can be bought and sold,
 It were no Sin, t'adore, and worship *Gold*.

If they can purchase *Pardons* with a *Sum*,
 For Sins they may commit in time to come,
 And for Sins past, 'tis verywell for *Rome*.

At this rate they are happy't that have most ;
 They'll purchase *Heav'n* at their own proper cost,
 Alas ! the Poor ! all that are so are lost.

Whence came this knack, or when did it begin ?
 What *Author* have they, or who brought it in ?
 Did *Christ*, e're keep a *Custom-house* for Sin ?

Some subtle *Devil*, without more ado,
 Did certainly this sly invention brew,
 To gull'em of their *Souls*, and *Money* too.